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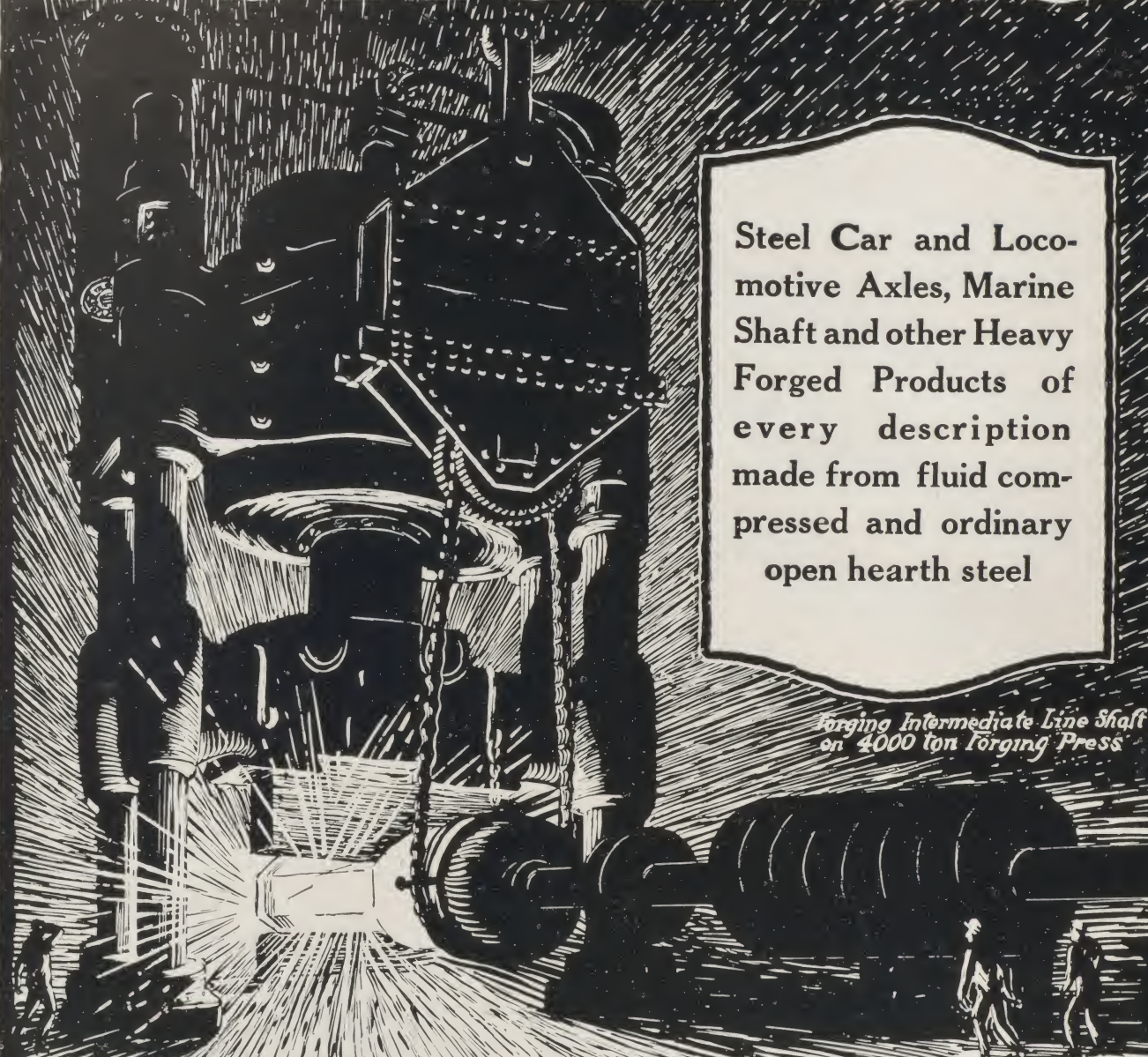
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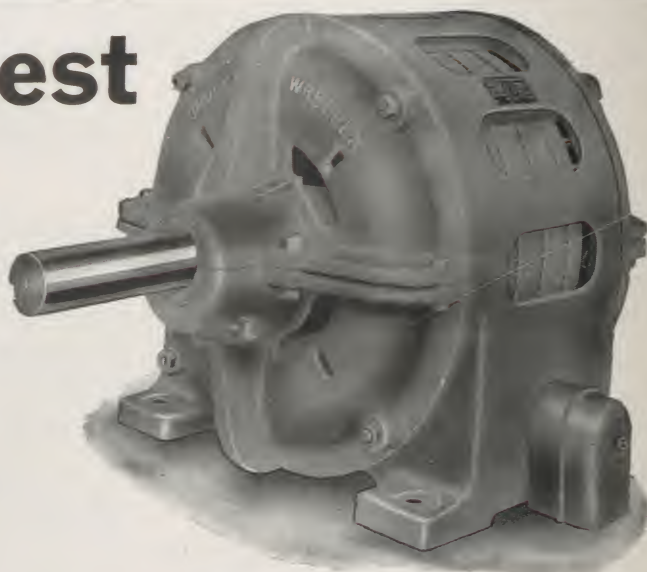
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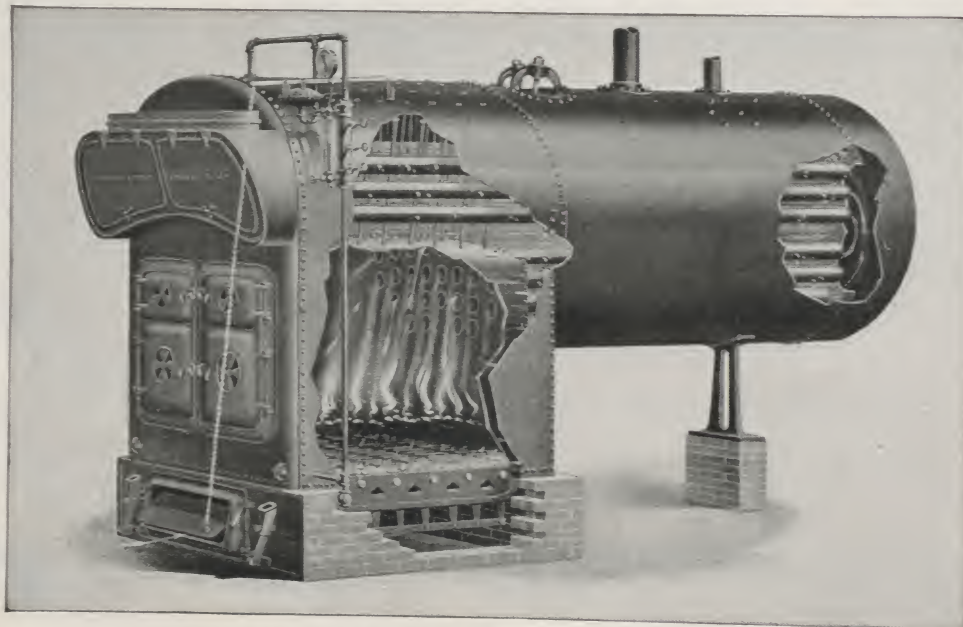
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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY



VOL. VII.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1922

No. 2

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CHARLES E. MITCHELL

A banker of international reputation, Charles E. Mitchell, is President of New York's most powerful financial institution, the National City Bank. He is President also of the National City companies of the United States and Canada. His opinions on present world conditions will be read with interest by all Canadians.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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"Back to First Principles"

By CHARLES E. MITCHELL

BUSINESS TODAY is suffering from industrial disorganization, resulting from the fact that the level of prices and wages has been disrupted. How can there be activity in commerce, how can there be prosperity—a prosperity where labor is freely employed and is receiving a return sufficient for the necessities and sane pleasures of life and something more for the saving account—so long as there is the wide divergence that exists today in the degree of deflation in various sections of this country and in various trades?

The product of the farmer has been deflated in price to the pre-war level. If the prices of other commodities had kept pace with the decline of the farmer's products, his buying power would, of course, be undiminished; he would be able to buy the same quantity of goods, and his purchases would give employment to the same number of wage-earners as before. Furthermore, since production and consumption would be approximately the same, everybody would be practically as well off as before, although measured in money the total volume of the trade would be less.

Now, there is a maxim that represents I should say, a first principle, which says that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." This must in the last analysis have some relation to a stabilized standard of values. The laborer is entitled to a return for his service that will permit his employer to manufacture in competition and receive an adequate return on his invested capital and a fair profit to boot. Wherever labor in any industry demands a compensation that violates this principle, labor is retarding a return to prosperity.

The farmer's products may be—they probably are—selling at lower prices than they should, for naturally in the absence of a normal buying power in the idle or partly idle laborer

there cannot be a demand for the agricultural products of the Western farmer that will give to his prices a normal level. Assuredly the Western farmer cannot and will not buy the products of the East until there is some approximation of real value between the bushel of wheat he offers and the product he is offered.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," but the worth will be measured not only by what the wage will buy, but by the competition coming from within this continent, and as well from those European countries where labor, and, mark you, efficient labor is working today for less in many cases, measured by the things which the wage will purchase, than in pre-war days.

If we would have prosperity, the laborer must adapt himself to the changed conditions, just as the manufacturer and the merchant find they themselves must. He must remember that hard work and a free giving of his full strength are essential to the competition of the day; and that, and that only, will bring him a return in the desired things of life. These are the proper measures of wage—not the actual amount of cash that comes in the pay envelope.

The war unsettled society. A spirit of unrest and of criticism of the existing order is an after-war disease. There seems to be a tendency, more marked in recent months perhaps than before, to put a big question-mark on everything that has been done and everything that has been learned in the past. Now, of course, inquiry is not a bad thing. It is certainly not to be suppressed; but the greater part of what the world knows about practical affairs has been slowly and painfully learned and has been verified over and over again by experience. We should not have to learn all the lessons of

experience over again. It is trite to say that "history repeats itself." It is not completely so, but the old fallacies and heresies that have vexed society throughout all history are hatched again in every time of disturbance and distress.

One of them, and from my viewpoint, one of the most important of them, is the paper money delusion—the idea that governments can make times good, by printing plenty of money. I would not ordinarily fear this delusion in a country that had become so thoroughly wedded to the gold standard, but when I see a fiat money bill introduced in our Congress having serious consideration; and when I see two great leaders of industry, as Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison, back time-dissipated fiat money theories, I realize there must be a popular bent that way that calls for the corrective thought of businessmen everywhere. There is an air of hocus-pocus about the free operation of government money printing presses that ought to put men on their guard, because we all realize the governments are not creators of wealth, but have to be supported by taxation. There is an inherent absurdity in the idea that a government that has to take up a collection to maintain its own existence may carry on great industrial works, as Mr. Ford would have it, by simply printing money.

When Europe is weltering in a flood of printed money, and all the evils that have been described in past history are being again described in the daily foreign news columns, it seems absurd that anybody in America should be seriously discussing a revival of the paper money heresy. The chief obstacle to the rehabilitation of trade today is the fact that the world has lost the services of the gold standard. The doctrine of fiat money, if irredeemable paper currency, has been discredited by every test that has been

laid upon it. It is destructive of stability in the commercial world; it converts legitimate business into speculation, and the wage earner is always the chief victim.

Let us, as sound businessmen, frown upon the organizations that are forming for the purpose of spreading the fiat money idea. Let us dispel the illusion that prices and wages have fallen because there is a scarcity of money. Let us stamp upon the thought that it is primarily money that creates a demand for things. Let us bring our people back to the fundamental principle that business consists primarily of an exchange of goods and services, which creates a demand each for each other, and that nothing but a balanced state of trade makes a demand all around and gives prosperity.

And then there is that other perennial problem—the railroads—a problem which today, in a certain sense, is more acute than through the recent acute years. Canada, perhaps, even more than this country must have of necessity the greatest interest in that problem. It is a first principle that the railroads are arteries of commerce and without them national commerce cannot exist. It was an understanding of that first principle that stimulated the railroad pioneer.

What is constituting the present crisis? It seems to me that if we can again get back to first principles and remember the old maxim that "no man can serve two masters," we will understand it most clearly.

The Railroad Labor Board is determining for the railroads the wages that they shall pay their employees, and the conditions under which they shall,—and I should properly add,—they shall not work. Regardless of the trend of commodity prices, this is bound to determine in a large measure the cost of railroad operation, for the wage bill is the big bill. On the other hand, the Interstate Commerce Commission is telling the railroads what their charges shall be for freight and passenger transportation between every point in the country, and added to this in many cases local state commissions are fixing the inter-state rates for them, often, it may be said, in a manner inconsistent with the Interstate Commerce Commission's rulings. One group thus determines the cost, another group determines the revenue. Conceivably, and actually in many cases, this process results in the crushing of the patient between the millstones. In most cases it results in an inability to properly maintain service,

and extend that service to the full requirement of commerce, in most cases, I say, because the determination as to where and how the individual shall invest his savings has not yet been regulated by federal investment commissions, and there is still some individual liberty of action in that regard.

But again, if the inflated wage bill and a fair return be covered in railroad rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission, that is bound to occur which in many instances already has occurred—the rates will be more than the traffic can bear, resulting first,—in a drying up of traffic which means a curtailment of commerce; and in the second phase, in a redistribution of industrial centers.

We hear a great deal of talk these days about the foreign situation, and as that subject is mentioned our minds as a rule revert immediately to Europe. American business men and economists have been there by the score this past year, and as a rule we find them returning with this one thought uppermost in their minds.

It is that the Allied Nations who are demanding payment of severe indemnities are practicing folly in asking the impossible, since they will not permit a free flow of goods from Germany, through which the economic stability of that country may be established and the means created for producing the wealth with which the indemnity is to be paid. But are we not ourselves practicing similar and perhaps greater folly with our own immediate foreign neighbors? I speak especially of Canada and Cuba.

Canada has long since been our best customer, last year taking our exports in the amount of about a billion dollars—products which we are well fitted to produce and must find a market for. Canada, on the other hand, has shipped us principally grain, timber, and paper products to an amount of about seven hundred million dollars, leaving a balance in our favor of about three hundred million dollars last year. Her timber and paper products have filled a vacuum in our supply enabling us to conserve the limited timber tracts of our own country. Her grains have come to us for milling, the delivery from the mills constituting, as I choose to view it, a part of our exports to England and to Europe, while furnishing additional traffic to our railroads.

We have taken steps during the year to kill that most desirable trade by placing a tariff of thirty-five cents per bushel, for instance, upon Cana-

dian wheat. By so doing we are antagonizing these neighbors of the North to the point where they are seriously discussing a retaliatory tariff that doubtless would be in the ultimate result in their milling their own grain and exporting their flour in competition with our exportable supply, as well as inviting English and European goods to enter their boundaries, not on even competition with us, but under a freedom from tariff that would practically put our goods out of competition. By this process we shall have succeeded in antagonizing a good neighbor, we shall have fostered an export competition that may in time be exceedingly serious, and we shall have taken away from American industry a huge market that must obviously reduce the industrial earning power, the rewards of which would constitute a buying power for the very agricultural products that we are thus attempting through the tariff to protect.

The past two years have developed a greater interest in international exchange than has ever existed in world history. No merchant can think of export trade without calculating international exchange. The world has speculated in it. Now, as we find ourselves thwarted by it in our foreign trade, we have our ears wide open for correctives—ways and means by which the disparity of the mediums of exchange in foreign countries may be brought again into fixed relations one with the other, with currency systems built again upon a common foundation of value.

Currencies and international exchanges must be stabilized. This is the universal demand of our merchants, and inability to satisfy it is a crime laid upon the banking fraternity. Currency and international exchange difficulties are as a rash upon the skin, evidencing some disorder in the vital organs of the body. It is folly to apply lotions and salves to cure that skin eruption. Cure the disorders in the vital organs and the eruption of the skin will disappear. Find the way to bring about economies and balancing of budgets in foreign countries; find the way to stabilize their industries and develop their trade; find the way to bring about a friendly understanding between nations that will result in an orderly interchange of products; find the way to put business into government and take government out of business, and foreign currency and international exchange difficulties will in one way and another be dissipated.

It is not a banking problem at all;

(Continued on page 39)

Canada's Stake in the Far East

By CHARLES LUGRIN SHAW

"NATIONS are just like kids; they've got to creep before they walk," announced the orator of the hotel lobby, tilting his cigar at a rakish angle and twirling his watch chain, as he poured forth his words of wisdom. "Nations have got to grow naturally or else they're sure to get stunted. That's why this talk about Canada being a big exporter is the bunk. Think of the size of Canada and the fact that the population is only something like eight or nine millions, and you can't help agreeing with me that Canada's got her hands full providing for herself without worrying about other countries."

A timid-looking man ventured the remark that, for a young nation, Canada did some pretty hefty foreign trade during the war.

"Oh, yes; I'll concede that," said the all-knowing one. "But look at the situation now. Exports took a drop shortly after the armistice and they'll continue to drop. It's only right that they should. Things were abnormal in war-time. The Allies had to get food and munitions and all that sort of thing somewhere. Canada was just across the ocean, and naturally came in for some of the business. But it didn't help any. It played cruel tricks with the stock market, gave working men a lot of funny notions about their rights, made our rich men a little richer and then, when the inevitable reaction came, everything was turned upside down. You know how it was.

It left us with a staggering debt, business failures and——"

"Just a minute," intruded the timid looking man. "You can't put that all down against export trade. It isn't fair."

"Export trade was just a phase," returned the wise one. "It was an example of the general inflation in everything—a part of the picture of a nation trying to walk before it could creep."

"A rather inspiring picture, though," suggested the other. "It wasn't so terribly bad while it lasted—this heavy export trade. If I remember rightly, when export trade was at its peak, most of us were sharing in a rather general prosperity. Markets were good everywhere; factories were producing more than ever; everyone had a job. That's more than you can say about the present."

"Did you ever hear of cocoanuts growing in Canada?" he went on.

"Of course not," replied the orator.

"That means Canada has got to import copra and cocoanut oil. And the same goes for cotton, mahogany, oranges and a thousand other items that Canada can't produce herself. Take the case a step further and apply it to you and me. You don't make your own shoes or grow the mutton that you occasionally eat, for instance. You have to buy them from someone else. That's the natural development

of commerce—first primer stuff. It goes with nations pretty much the same way. We need things that other nations produce and we've got to buy them. If we've got nothing to give back in return—say, in the form of wheat and lumber and furs—we're likely to find ourselves badly in the hole as a nation just as you or I would be if we went along buying things at the grocer's and the dry goods store without paying an equivalent for it. A nation can't go along paying out paper money with nothing to back it up any more than you or I can issue cheques and get away with it, without money in the bank. In other words, the smaller our export trade becomes, the smaller will be our opportunities to enter world markets and buy foreign articles for home consumption, and the more will Canadian dollars be discounted in the places where we buy. A nation has got to have foreign trade to exist these days and the bigger the foreign trade, the wealthier it becomes quite obviously. Abolish foreign trade and we'll soon be back where we were fifty years or so ago."

The orator stopped twirling with his chain and drew out his watch, glanced at it hurriedly and reached for his hat.

It is odd, but nevertheless a fact, that a good many Canadians regard the development of foreign trade as a matter of very minor consequence to Canada, and not a few, like the lobby orator, think this country is too



Vancouver, since the Panama Canal has become a factor in international commerce, looms as a successful rival to Eastern ports as an exporter of grain. Here is one of Vancouver's modern elevators.



Vancouver has been endowed by nature with a magnificent protected harbor.

young, too lightly populated or too something-else to concern itself with overseas business.

If the development of a healthy foreign trade is a good thing for Canada to undertake, and no one who knows the facts will argue that it isn't, it should be of interest to the majority of Canadians that natural conditions favor our country more than any other in carrying on business with the world's greatest realm of prospective trade—the Orient.

First of all, Canada is so much nearer the Far East than any other country in a position to export, that we have a distinct advantage. There isn't so very much difference between the distance separating the Pacific ports of Canada and the United States from the Orient, but it is sufficient, coupled with other factors, to bring about important results, as shall be shown. Then, again, Canada has so many articles of commerce that China, Japan and other nations across the Pacific require. It would be satisfactory reading for the average Canadian if he scanned the bills of lading, showing the variety of goods shipped across from this continent into China and Japan, because he would realize that Canada is well equipped to supply the bulk of these products.

Even yet the world knows only vaguely of the trade possibilities of the Far East, but it knows enough to make a considerable fuss over it. Down in Washington, D.C., the diplomats were seemingly almost as much concerned about putting China into shape economically and commercially, as they were about the future of submarines, naval ratios, and other international problems. Why? Oh, probably because it has dawned upon the nations that the sphere of world trade is gradually shifting westward, and

that mighty soon it will be centred on the broad Pacific, with China and her consuming millions and productive areas, as the principal reason for it all. It is going to be a great game—this battle for Pacific trade, and the stakes will be something considerably bigger than ever realized before, if the judgment of trade experts is worth considering. And one who has merely studied the surface need not ask himself, or anyone else why. It is all so obvious.

Captain Robert Dollar, who started penniless in a Canadian logging camp, and is now one of the most dominant as well as romantic figures in world trade, has no doubts at all about the future of Pacific commerce and the objective that Canada should seek. Captain Dollar was in the shipping game when, forty-two years ago, the Pacific Mail Company did the astounding thing by putting four side-wheel steamships with an aggregate tonnage of \$10,000 into the Pacific trade routes. He was on the job when, thirty-four years ago, the first steamship poked her nose into the harbor at Port Moody, when the nearby city of Vancouver was only a clearing in the virgin forest. And now he says, with the conviction of one who has seen it all and who knows, that the centre of the world's commerce is going to be on the Pacific ocean, and at no distant date. He compares the present shipping situation with what it was, say a score of years ago, when steam tonnage on the Pacific was only 300,000, and his conclusion, he says, is the same that any sane man would reach. One dreads to think of the condition in which he would have left the hotel lobby orator.

"We are manufacturing more than we can use," said the veteran shipping master not long ago. "In this age of

machinery, we've got to do that, or else run the risk of unemployment on a huge scale. Before we started manufacturing in a big way there was no use worrying our heads over foreign markets, but it's different now. There is only one way out, and that is to increase our foreign sales. China, just across the Pacific, should be our goal. Everyone should be interested in this effort—farmers, merchants, manufacturers, bankers, transportation people and the everyday citizen. The government can help and is helping, but this is a task for everyone and worthy of the thought of Canada's ablest men."

The average Canadian may find it hard to work up enthusiasm over Chinese trade. In his mind he conjures up a vague picture of ungainly junks, millions of dirty yellow-skinned coolies, queer-looking tumble-down shacks grouped together in an unsanitary and unsightly mass, pig-tails, chop suey and laundry signs.

The sooner the average Canadian gets a truer conception of the real China, the China that can bring millions of new dollars to Canada, the better it will be for the export trade of this country which we have been hearing so much about lately. Get into your mind, if possible, the vision of a country with huge cities boasting departmental stores, as big and luxurious as the best in our own Dominion, with seaports that rank among the leaders of the world—Hong Kong, as a matter of fact, led them all one year—with the most efficient system of intensive agriculture known, and with upwards of four hundred million population, constituting the largest prospective market for wares of all kinds in the world. Get a mental picture of that, and you will have an idea of something nearer the truth.

Let's look over the Chinese statistics to illustrate. During the year ending March, 1921, we bought goods from China to the value of \$1,897,349, and sold her goods worth \$4,906,570, representing a total trade of \$6,803,919. To that we may fairly add the total trade between this country and Hong Kong, which was \$5,517,585, representing imports more than three to one, compared with exports. This gives us a total trade with China, Hong Kong included, amounting to something more than \$12,000,000.

That looks like a fairly substantial figure until it is remembered that Canada's trade with China represents less than one-eightieth of the total world trade of China, and it would have to be multiplied more than one hundred times to compare favorably with Canada's world trade.

The fact that Canada is doing only \$12,000,000 worth of business with China, however, doesn't alter the truth that other nations are finding China a rich field and consider it quite worth while to aggressively work for it. One interesting point is that within the short span of ten years China's world trade has nearly doubled—this in spite of the troubled political conditions, poorly developed markets and inferior transportation facilities.

American business houses are gradually strengthening their hold on Chinese trade. Outside of cotton, there is hardly an item among the major commodities shipped by the United States to China that could not be shipped to some extent by Canada. Soap, dyes, paint, tobacco, paper ware, iron and steel and manufactures, agricultural machinery, railway vehicles, silver, lumber, canned goods—all these figure prominently on the list.

The fact that Canada is in a position to ship virtually the same goods

to China as the United States, is further evidence that Canada should be prepared to extend its trade. Just about everything favors Canada. Variety of sales we have already, or can easily get. Volume of sales is the only thing that needs development. Canada's main articles of trade with China are wheat, lumber, butter, fibres and textiles, woodpulp and paper, iron, silver, herring, woollen goods, automobiles, hardware. Not so very different from the American exports are they.

The products of which Canada bought from China in largest quantity are rice, whiskey, undressed fur skins, animal bristles, palm leaf, silk, corn, nuts, tea, cotton goods, carpets and tanning materials. All these things fit in well with Canadian industry, and are in constant demand, although there might be some difference of opinion about whiskey!

So much for what Canada could do. Now, as to what the United States is actually doing.

"The outstanding feature of the foreign trade of China at the present time is the activity shown by our American friends and the large share of the general total, which they are securing," wrote Canadian Trade Commissioner, J. W. Ross, in the spring of last year. "It may also be stated that the activities and enterprise shown by American manufacturers and merchants, both at home and in China, and in addition the great assistance rendered them by their government in the way of special investigation of sources of commodities and trade, and general information upon production, transportation and other subjects compiled by a number of leading experts sent to China, go to show that American enterprise is in no manner to be re-

laxed in the future. Hundreds of American commercial travellers have been thoroughly exploiting the markets of the Far East, ever since the war came to an end; they come and go and return again, but invariably sell goods on every visit. In addition to this, many new American firms have established themselves recently in China, the great majority of them being either branches or subsidiaries of established American concerns, or having working connections with business houses in the United States. American banks before the war numbered only one, but six are now established—a number equal to that of Japan, and twice that of any other foreign nation."

Mr. Ross might have added that American capital and American engineers are trying to develop railroads in many sections of China. These efforts are strengthening good-will and a recent Washington dispatch tells us that China is today spending for American-made goods at a rate of more than 500 per cent greater than in 1913.

There is one interesting and perhaps significant point that may give comfort to Canadians. While the United States is doing a smaller proportion of business with China than during the war years, Canada's progress has been steady. In 1916, the best of the war years, Canada's China trade, including Hong Kong, was \$3,480,000. In 1919, the year after the war, it stood at \$7,928,000. During the twelve months ending March 31st last, it was \$12,320,000, or nearly four times what it was five years ago.

It isn't necessary to go outside Canada to get a clear-cut statement of what China's trade means to the world. Sir Edmund Walker, head of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, after



The sky line of Vancouver will give the reader some idea of the growing importance of Canada's Western metropolis.



One of Vancouver's modern docks, showing, in the distance, the municipality of North Vancouver.

visiting the Far East not long ago, had this to say: "I believe that the opening up of China is a matter of such moment that we had better consider how quickly we desire to throw China open to the rest of the world. If China were to begin to export products in the way that Manchuria has been exporting, in fifteen or twenty years of active railroad building we might seriously upset the balance of world trade."

Japan doesn't fall within the same category as China, for several obvious reasons. First of all, it hasn't the area or population. Its place in world trade is entirely different, because it is a nation of hustlers and go-getters, who have rapidly learned European customs of barter and trade, who own their own world-girdling fleets of cargo-carriers, manipulate big industries, have large chunks of foreign territory under their commercial domination and appear to know pretty definitely what they are about. Japan, unlike China, doesn't have to be roused.

It might be appropriately mentioned that Japan did more business with Canada last year than any other Asiatic country. We bought \$11,000,000 worth of Japanese goods in 1920, and sold Japan products valued at \$6,414,000. It wouldn't be surprising to see the tables turned when the present year's figures have been tabulated, because Japan was the salvation of British Columbia's lumber industry and is likely to remain in the lumber market for a considerable time to come.

A few days ago I talked with one of British Columbia's biggest lumber exporters, a recognized leader in the industry.

"This has been a very bad year for the lumber business, but thank God we had Japan," said the exporter. "We had the worst slump in Eastern Canadian and American business in years, and I don't know what we would have done without the Oriental demand. We cut prices to the bone, trying to find buyers in this country, and yet, the market couldn't be revived. But every steamer in the trans-Pacific run was loaded down with a fat cargo for Japan."

Japan, rapidly throwing off the last vestiges of feudalism that bound it to commercial oblivion in the past, is rapidly continuing its economic and

social revolution, resulting incidentally in the adoption of new methods of construction. Japan must have timber and her own supply is meagre and inaccessible. It pays her to buy in Canada and pay the freight rates. During the whole of 1920, Japan purchased only 6,000,000 feet of lumber in British Columbia. During the first eight months of 1921, Japan's purchases had climbed to more than four times that total.

There is a lot of stuff that we can sell to Japan, even though in 1920 we imported from that country almost twice as much as we sold it. By far the biggest items in our export account with Japan were bleached and unbleached wood-pulp, of which we sold nearly \$1,750,000 worth. Some of our Pacific coast pulp mills are beginning to rely on the Orient as their one best bet, as sales territory. Our total sales to Japan in wood products in 1920 amounted to about two and a half millions. On account of the spurt in lumber, last year's figure will be much higher. We sold iron and iron products to Japan in 1920, valued at more than a million, and other products which we exported in large volume were herring from the British Columbia coast, machinery made in Ontario and Quebec mostly, nickel and zinc and lead, coal, asbestos, chemicals, textiles, chum salmon (which we find hard to sell elsewhere), rubber goods and so on.

Here is something which I venture to say most Canadians did not know. Certainly I was surprised when first I



The entrance to Vancouver harbor is through a channel of surpassing natural beauty.

While There's Life—

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

KITTY BAYNE liked married men. Not in any sensational, blackmailing, breach-of-promise suit fashion, but—she liked them.

"There is something so wistful, so infinitely pathetic about a married man," she had said. "He is not depressed, but so awfully suppressed, always. So 'put-down,' you know."

To married men, Kitty was such a sympathetic, understanding sort of a girl. They always called Kitty a girl. Their wives always called her a woman.

She was at that in-between age, when women's ages are so deceptive to men, and so apparent to other women, who know the same tricks of make-up; that in-between age, when if one is kindly disposed one will say "girl" and if not, one will say "woman." And invariably, as already testified to, the women chose the latter characterization when speaking of Kitty.

Kitty had a youthful figure, but women knew that didn't denote youth. Kitty had a smooth, pink and white face. But women knew how frequently Kitty must have visited an expert in facial treatment. Kitty's hair was becoming more auburn all the time. Women knew the power of henna.

Of all the wistfully appealing married men Kitty had ever met, Ned Morrison was quite the most wistful. He should have been fat, as he was forty, but somehow he had missed connections and was thin, quite appallingly thin, and tall, very, very tall. He had been called a bean-pole in his college days. Sometimes his wife in jest, called it to him to this day, laughing as she did so, and pulling his ear, a most unkind act, Kitty thought—and let her thought be known.

So they would all be better friends Kitty called Mrs. Morrison, Dorothy, now. The Morrisons had recently come to New York, and Kitty had seen in their arrival, a new interest. A very new and delightful interest. Ned was good-looking in a well-groomed, blonde, collar-advertisement fashion. Dorothy was rather handsome, dark and distinguished looking. But no one could call her pretty, Kitty realized with pleasure, and one could very easily call her austere and cold.

Dorothy was the sort who was sufficiently busy with the children to have plenty to occupy her mind, so she wouldn't watch Kitty too closely. Kitty never enjoyed being watched too closely.

Kitty enjoyed that peculiar form of pleasure of feeling guilty in the presence of a man's wife. She enjoyed the sensation to its utmost. As she talked to Dorothy at luncheon or at dinner, she had a feeling of exhilarating wickedness. Would Dorothy be talking to her in quite such a friendly fashion if she knew that Ned had told Kitty, that she would be a wife any man would feel proud to have and that "any" included himself? Would Dorothy call her dear, if she knew her husband had called *her* dearie? Would Dorothy have asked her, if she cared to see the children while she tucked them in bed, had she known that Ned had told Kitty what a born mother *she* was? Would she? Would she? Kitty answered her own questions. No, she would not. But Dorothy, she knew, was unaware of all of this, and so—her cordiality. And so Kitty felt guilty, but happily guilty, very, very happily guilty.

The Morrisons had quickly become a part of the set to which Kitty belonged. Now nothing was complete without the Morrisons. Dorothy Morrison played bridge well, and gave delightful dinners and even though she did seem a trifle self-sufficient, she was always agreeable and cordial.

Several months went by. Kitty felt increasingly guilty. And her pleasure over her increasing guilt rose high.

She was seeing Ned Morrison constantly. "Eddy" she called him. It was her own name for him. Kitty always had had her own name for every married man she had ever known.

* * * *

Dorothy for some time had meant to see a lawyer about a codicil to her will. She had made no allowance for the baby. That would never do. So she went down-town rather late one morning, and saw her lawyer.

After she came out of the lawyer's office, she thought she would telephone Ned and surprise him by telling

him she was in the neighborhood, and would like to lunch with him. She went into a telephone booth and called his private number.

For a long time she waited. Central reported the number to be busy. And then she heard her husband's voice. "Hello," she said.

"You're on a busy wire," her husband told her; her voice he had quite failed to recognize.

"The telephone service is so wretched," she heard Kitty Bayne's voice. "But, I guess it's all right now. The person has gone off the wire."

Dorothy had not.

For a long time they talked, finally Ned said, "I'll meet you in the Oak-room then at one o'clock."

Dorothy left the telephone booth. Ned was lunching with Kitty. How often had he lunched with her? And she, his wife, had flattered herself, that she was about to give him a pleasant surprise.

She got hold of a telephone directory and got the numbers of the leading hotels. Then she telephoned to them all in turn.

"Have you an Oak-room?" her question always was.

At last one of the hotels had told her that they had a restaurant, known as The Oak Room.

"Oh, thank you," Dorothy said. "I was supposed to meet a friend in the Oak-room of one of the hotels and I'd forgotten which hotel. Awfully stupid," she murmured.

What was she going to do? She hardly knew. She felt convinced that there must be some mistake. Some one's voice had sounded like Ned's and her imagination had run riot with her. She went back to the telephone and called her husband's private number.

"No answer," came the report.

She called up the office switchboard. "Is Mr. Morrison there?" she asked.

"No, he has gone out to lunch," she was told.

"When do you expect him back?"

"Not for several hours. He has to attend a meeting."

"Thank you. Just tell him Mrs. Morrison telephoned."
* * * *

Her suspicions became convictions. She hurried to the hotel with the Oak-room. And waited. After quite a wait she was feeling ashamed of herself for her suspicions, and disgusted at herself for acting in such a way, when down the corridor she heard Kitty's drawling voice. She stepped behind the curtain of the door of the ladies' room where she had been waiting, and watched. She saw them go by, and into the restaurant. Then she followed.

Still she was feeling dazed, still she did not know what she meant to do; hardly she knew what she was doing. What if they had seen her? She had been careful not to be seen—but here in the restaurant there was every chance! What would Ned do, if he saw her? But didn't she mean to be seen? She didn't know.

She summoned the head waiter, and asked for a certain table.

Kitty and Ned were talking very softly and intimately. Ned had told Dorothy recently that he could talk so easily to Kitty. Of course, Dorothy reflected bitterly, she lets him feel that he appears self-conscious and ill-at-ease at home, but that she understands him. How many women there were just like that! But Kitty thought she was peculiarly gifted and was thankful to Providence for that gift.

They were talking about marriage, and wives and husbands, and children and babies, in the very personally general way they had of talking.

Dorothy by name was never mentioned.

The two older children were never mentioned.

The seven months' old baby was never mentioned.

Only they spoke of a wife who did so and so, or of a mother with several children, or with two older children and a baby, or of a husband with a growing family.

"I'm sorry to be so dull, Kitty dear," Ned said finally, "but I had a bad night last night."

"Eddy," she smiled sympathetically, and into her eyes came that quickly-summoned and never-failing expression of solicitude, "what was the trouble, dear boy?"

"The baby," he said, "cried most of the night."

"But why should *you* have been disturbed?" she asked. "*You* of all people! You're not the child's *mother* or *nurse*. Couldn't you have closed the door and had a wee, wee nap, dear boy?"

"The baby sleeps in our room," he answered, feeling himself abused and rather pleasantly experiencing for the first time in his life the sensations of a martyr.

"Baby sleeps in *your* room?" cried the horrified Kitty. "Why I never heard of such a thing. And you, poor boy, who has to go down to business every day; it's outrageous. A baby ought never to sleep in the same room with a father—a business man, who is straining every nerve to make money for his family."

It didn't occur to Kitty that during this hard day he had planned to take several hours off to lunch with her, nor did Ned feel that what Kitty had said, was in the least exaggerated.

"I can't understand how a woman," Kitty began in her usual clear inexplicit fashion, "can allow her husband to be disturbed by a baby."

"Perhaps they feel that the husband should share the domestic troubles," Ned said. He was proud of this thought. It helped to make the sensations of martyrdom more acute.

"The idea," Kitty said, "is preposterous. A hard working man ought to be able to enjoy his children when they're ready for bed perhaps—a few minutes each day is a great deal for any man to give to his children, especially a man who is slaving as you are, dear boy."

"Some women," Ned remarked, "see things differently."

"I can't understand it," Kitty shook her head, so that the auburn waves of hair were observed and admired by Ned. "I just can't understand it," Kitty continued. "Men work so hard, so terribly hard, and women are so selfish. Always thinking of themselves."

Dorothy wanted to cry out that Ned had not been kept awake all night, that the baby had cried once and then had been quieted immediately, but somehow she felt as though she were in a dream, and as though she could neither speak nor move.

"If I had a husband and cared for him," Kitty's voice sank to appropriately low tones, "I would keep all household worries away from him. I would never tell him if I had had trouble with the cook. I would have an extra room for the baby—far away—so his sleep couldn't possibly be disturbed. And I would see that he had every comfort."

"One of these days you'll make some man so happy," Ned said, "and you'll be leaving me, leaving me without any dear little playmate."

"I don't seem to be able to care—for the right man—when it's suitable

—and all," Kitty stammered. Ned looked across the table suddenly. "Most of the men, the ones who want to marry me," Kitty said, "I can't care for—enough. I'd have to care enough. I'm that temperament. I'm so intense. If I loved a man I'd do anything for him, anything." Her voice became dramatic. "I'd try," she ended with engaging humility, "to make him happy."

"Happy!" Ned exclaimed. "He'd be the happiest man in all creation."

"Would he, Eddy? But I'm afraid he will never be the happiest man in all creation then, because—there is no one I am able—I can—who could," she stammered along a little until her desperate vagaries had become clear to Ned's slow moving mind.

"You don't mean," he cried, "you don't mean that you care—that you care for me—a poor, old good-for-nothing middle aged man?"

"Eddy, dear boy," she cried in hushed shocked tones, "you're not middle aged. Never let me hear you say that again, or I'll be most frightfully angry. Little Kitty will be awfully angry, dear boy. You *say* you're forty, but you don't look a day over thirty-four. That's your dear boyish slimness."

"Bean-pole," Ned muttered.

"The idea," Kitty said, "who ever would call you that is—well either they can't know what they're talking about, or else they don't care."

"Have you never heard any one call me that?"

Kitty strove to remember if there had been any occasion when Ned would have had any special remembrance of having been called a bean-pole by his wife before her. She could remember no occurrence of sufficient importance to make an indelible impression on Ned's mind.

"I never have," she lied emphatically, "and I'd never want to—it's too silly. Quite too silly."

Kitty knew she had scored a point, as she knew she had scored many lately. Ned was misunderstood and she, with her intuition and sympathy understood him. He had come to her as one lonely person seeking another—and they had become friends, perfect friends. The word to Kitty meant so much. There was so little real friendship in the world.

"Kitty, little girl," Ned began again, and Kitty's maturing heart warmed, "do you care a little for me?"

Modestly, Kitty answered, "Just a little, dear boy."

"Only a little?" Ned asked. "Can't you say you like me more than a little?"

"I can say so," Kitty murmured.

"But don't you mean it?" he persisted.

"I—dear boy—I—yes, I do mean that I like you more than a little."

"You care? You care quite a good deal?"

"Quite a good deal," she admitted.

"You angel!" he said fervently.

* * * *

The Oak-room prided itself on its low lights and unobtrusively attentive waiters, its palms and decorations and its excellent food. All of these attributes were mildly appreciated by its frequenters, but more was it appreciated because of the fact that since the old Holland House had gone out of business, it was about the only place where husbands could lunch with women who understood them. The lights were so dim it was almost impossible to see beyond one's own table, and the palms hid the tables from each other.

Dorothy had ordered almost everything on the menu and had eaten nothing. Thoughts flitted through her mind, but she was at a loss to know what to do, or to know what she wanted to do. Kitty, the selfish little woman had been making Ned feel misunderstood and abused, and had told him she cared. Ned's voice! He had pleaded for that word of assurance. She remembered the day when Ned had pleaded that way with her. Doubtless too they lunched together often, very often.

* * * *

She paid her check and was gone. All afternoon she sat at home alone, waiting for the time when she should dress for dinner. How would Ned act when he got home? Doubtless the same way as he had acted other evenings when he got home. That thought was very bitter. But what could she have done? Admitted that she had listened and heard all they had said, admitted she had followed them there, had been suspicious of her husband? Still she had had every reason to be suspicious of him.

She almost wished she had a headache. She believed women always had headaches at such times. Hers was remarkably free from aching. She didn't feel like crying either. That was strange. Only there was a growing hurt somewhere—she couldn't quite locate it. It seemed to expand, and spread out, covering her whole body, but it wasn't a bodily hurt. There was no sensation of pain.

What should she do? What did this affair of Kitty's and Ned's mean? How far would it lead? How rapidly

was it progressing? What *should* she do? Again and again she asked herself these questions.

She remembered once she had said she was not jealous. That she did not understand jealousy. That had been long ago. She had had no cause for jealousy. Doubtless it was true that she hadn't a jealous nature, as some people had. She had seen women jealous of other women friends, jealous of other people's clothes, of their money, their position, their servants, jealous of their time, their attention. None of this jealousy had ever touched her.

When she had been young she had never been jealous of other girls. She had never cared enough. That was, without a doubt, the reason.

A little later Ned came in. He kissed her breezily. "You telephoned today," he said.

"Yes, I was down-town and thought I might get you to take me to lunch."

"What a pity," Ned said, "but I was lunching with some men and after lunch I had an important meeting. They said you telephoned just after I had gone." He was looking at her rather quizzically. Could she doubt his word, or could she have become suspicious, he wondered.

"What brought you down-town?" he asked. "I never knew you cared about lunching out."

"I don't as a rule," she said, "but I wanted to see the lawyer about my will, and I didn't want to come all the way home for luncheon again. I thought of going to the Oak-room of that hotel Minnie Lowell is always praising so highly, but then decided I'd go to a tea room instead. What is the name of that hotel now? I've forgotten its name for the moment." She appeared quite unconscious of him as she talked. He had stopped adjusting his tie and had looked at her quickly.

"I don't know which hotel Minnie Lowell is always praising," he said. And offered a prayer of thanks that Dorothy had gone to a tea room. What a narrow escape he had had. He must think of some other luncheon place.

"Well, old dear," he added after a moment, "what about a game of bridge this evening? I've had an awfully hard day and I'd like a little relaxation."

She wondered how men could lie like that.

"All right," she answered, "let's ask the Van Dykes to come in. They both play good games."

His face clouded.

"Or perhaps we might ask Bill Jennings and Kitty Bayne to come."

His face brightened, unconsciously.

"Yes, Bill plays well, and Kitty's a pretty good player," he said.

"I'll call them up," Dorothy said. And did.

* * * *

That evening after they had played several rubbers and were deliberating whether or not they would play another, Dorothy turned to Kitty.

"What have you been doing lately?"

"Oh, nothing much," she said. But Dorothy saw a quick look of Kitty's kind of understanding pass between her and Ned.

"I thought I saw you this afternoon," Dorothy continued. Her voice was very calm.

"No," Kitty answered, "you couldn't have seen me. I didn't go out of the house all day. I was so glad when you called me up this evening."

Dorothy wondered how women could lie like that.

* * * *

The evening had passed very well. Ned had been in good spirits though a little quiet, she thought. But perhaps he had been thinking . . . Thinking of what? Dorothy asked herself with a start.

What would happen if Ned left her? Not that she needed his money, or because he was the father of her children. For neither of these reasons. Only that she loved him. She loved him so much.

She couldn't let him go. And would it lead to that? It might. It very easily might. Kitty was unmarried. She was eager to be married. All the women who knew her knew that. She wouldn't want to go on through life endlessly appreciating unappreciated married men.

And in their set plenty of people got divorces for incompatibility of temper. But how incompatible Kitty and Ned really were.

Selfish Kitty and her dear spoilt Ned. Ned was so spoilt. And she had spoilt him.

Now as she thought back upon it all she knew she had spoilt Ned. To her he had been the perfection of everything. Constant repetition in telling him so, had made him believe it, and so aim no longer for it because he felt it had already been attained. In the early days they had been poor and she had been the one who had managed, so that Ned would never *feel* poor. She had shielded him from the accounts which with infinite pains and time she had managed to make both ends meet—those indefinite ends which were

always causing so much trouble and worry in so many households.

She had washed and ironed, when he had been asleep. And had talked when he was awake of the slowness of the laundry in sending back the wash. That had been when he had wanted a particular shirt which she hadn't finished. She had even taken "home sewing" from a place far down-town, which gave out mending for poor women to do at home. She had looked after the children and had always suggested his playing with them when she knew they were gay and happy, and had had a nice long afternoon out of doors and were comfortably hilarious, because the desire for sleep was creeping upon them.

In a million and one ways she had spoiled Ned. But she had loved him. And her happiness had been complete. For she had felt he loved her. She was sure he had loved her. She had been very poor and she had been very happy. Now she had plenty of money—but wealth hadn't been the cause of her unhappiness. No, not a bit of it. She had spoiled Ned, that was the whole trouble.

But oh, she loved Ned! She couldn't let him go!

* * * *

"I was wondering if you wouldn't want to ask Kitty Bayne up to the mountains this summer for awhile," Ned said to her one day much later in the season.

"I don't see why," she answered. She had been taken off her guard, and she was angry. Angry and bitter and resentful.

"I don't see why," she repeated. "I can't make out what you find in that Bayne woman that's attractive. I wouldn't trust her around the corner."

"Dorothy!" His tone was severe. "I won't have you talking that way about Kitty. She hasn't the protection of a husband, she has to look after herself, and it isn't fair of you, a woman with children to talk like that."

"A woman with children! So that's all I am," she retorted.

"Womenly women love children," he said unctiously.

"I suppose you don't think I do," she returned.

"I don't know what's the matter with you, Dorothy," he went on, "I've done everything all my life for you. I've tried by best. If I have failed—I'm sorry." He made a gesture which was supposed to represent his sorrow, but which showed quite plainly how unconvinced he was of any failing on his part.

"I've done everything I could for you and the children, given you every-

thing I had," he went on, "slaved down-town for you, so you could have comforts, took out a big insurance policy, so you'd be protected if anything happened to me, and here you are, flying off the handle for no rhyme or reason. Or simply because you've joined in with a lot of other catty women to talk about a poor little girl, because she's pretty and because she's popular."

"I take it back," she said, her voice dull and lifeless.

"That's the girl," he answered, "I felt sure you would."

* * * *

Protection! He had spoken to her of the protection he had given her, and would give her in the future. What did she care for protection? She didn't want it. Protection was too cold and hard and efficient. Protection seemed to brush away love and sentiment. Protection was like a vacuum cleaner, buzzing its monotonous and persistent and successful way into a person's heart and wiping out all love.

* * * *

Dorothy knew she had made a mistake. She had shown her jealousy. Perhaps with some men it flattered them and could be a useful weapon. But she hadn't thought of it in that way. Her jealousy had been open, unabashed, stark and real, and perhaps—wife-like! She hadn't been cleverly jealous. She had simply been jealous!

She had made a great mistake. She had been stupid. And even though she was in love with a husband who in turn loved someone else, that was no reason, nor was it any excuse, for such stupidity.

She had never spoken to Ned of that day in the Oak-room. At the time she had felt as though she couldn't give up trusting him though he had been so unworthy of her trust, and since, she had felt she would lose him completely if ever she let him know that she had spied and listened and heard.

She would try another game. She had appeared hurt and touchy lately. That would never do with a man taking life as Ned was taking it.

The game that she would try was old, very, very old. But old games were best perhaps. They had stood the tests of time.

She would ask Kitty Bayne to visit them.

* * * *

"Ned," she said to him, one evening, the following week, "you know I've changed my mind about Kitty

Bayne. I don't think of her at all, as I thought I did."

"I knew you wouldn't when you got to know her," Ned answered. "You've seen her a number of times this past week, haven't you?" he asked, in a tone which did not imply that he had known all the details of such visits from Kitty herself.

"Yes," Dorothy told him.

"I've quite changed my mind about her," she repeated.

"It takes a real person to appreciate Kitty," he told his wife, with the conviction that he was paying her a marked compliment.

Dorothy winced. It was the first compliment that she had received from him since—almost since he had first met Kitty Bayne. And it was a compliment given for apparent admiration of the woman who had taken her place—almost. . . . Not quite. . . . As yet. . . . Dorothy was fighting desperately now. Fighting with smiles and sweet speeches, fighting so bravely, that she talked to Ned sympathetically and quite agreed with him that men could have women friends, as well as men friends, even married men. And had also agreed that it was different with a married woman. Married women had children, and anyway that was different.

She didn't tell Ned that she had changed her mind about Kitty Bayne in quite a different way from the way he thought. She didn't tell him that whereas, before she had regarded Kitty as a silly, vain, resourceless woman, who flattered men for their attentions, now she had come to regard her, as a thoroughly dangerous woman, also fighting, fighting with every inch of her body, every thought, every drop of perfume, every lovely simple gown, every tone in her low voice, to win Ned Morrison away from his wife.

Kitty was selfish, shiftless, deceitful. She was losing the last remnants of her youth, and she knew it. She wanted to be married, to make a conquest, to win a man from a home to appease her for all the lack of conquests that her own heart knew of only too well. And of which Dorothy Morrison felt quite convinced.

If Dorothy lost Ned it would be her fault. Of course it would be her fault. It was any woman's fault, who lost her husband's love and interest she told herself.

She had become too sure of him. That, on top of spoiling him, had not worked. The two had not mixed together.

"I've asked Kitty Bayne to spend July with us," she told him.

"Bully," Ned answered, and Dorothy's heart felt very heavy.

* * * *

July came and upon the evening of the first day, Kitty arrived. She kissed Dorothy effusively. And let her small, gripless hand rest in Ned's for only a moment.

* * * *

The first week passed. Ned was radiantly happy. So was Kitty. They were fast growing unaware of Dorothy's presence. They were forgetting to speak more guardedly before her. They were almost making love to each other before her very eyes.

The second week passed. And they had many excuses why they didn't feel like playing bridge, or dining out.

Dorothy felt she could bear it no longer, it was growing to be unendurable. She was helping along it seemed. The old game of throwing the subject of a husband's admiration at his head, was not working. The old game was played out. She was losing, badly.

Often she wanted to cry out during the long nights, when she would lie awake, "Don't you know I can't stand it, that I love you?"

But she never did. Only once in awhile she leaned over Ned and kissed his hot face. And he brushed her away as though she were an annoying fly persisting in examining a human countenance on a hot night.

* * * *

One night the baby was very restless. Quietly Dorothy got up and lifted the child out of its crib. Noiselessly she stole down the hall and off to the wing where the two guest chambers were.

All night long the baby cried. All night long she soothed it. And all night long Kitty Bayne stayed awake and inwardly swore.

* * * *

"I was sorry," Dorothy said the next morning at breakfast, when Kitty appeared, proving the futility of abundant make-up without Edison's invention as an assistant, "that the baby cried so. I hope you weren't kept awake. You see, Ned only has a month's holiday in the summer and he had to work so hard in town all last winter, that I want him to get all the rest he can. So I took the baby down to the other guest room. I do hope you weren't disturbed."

"I didn't sleep," Kitty said, "but it doesn't matter about me."

She had forgotten she had spoken to Ned on this very subject. But Ned remembered. And Dorothy remembered. Ned wondered if he had ever

said anything to her about this. He didn't know how much Dorothy had gleaned of the conversations he and Kitty had had from the statements which he had made from time to time.

Kitty remembered nothing this morning, except the crying baby and the sleepless night.

"I have such delicate nerves," she explained to Ned later. "I can't seem to stand things. Besides I think babies should be looked after by nurses until they're old enough to be cunning. Children, even little children, can be companionable. Babies are a bit too young for that," she smiled.

And she had said, only so short a time ago that mothers should be the ones to care for their dear little babies.

Dorothy had scored a point.

But after this episode the next ten days went by more smoothly. Again, Kitty and Ned seemed to renew their old footing. And Dorothy grew paler, she looked older, she felt ancient.

One day Ned discovered that Dorothy had a grey hair and announced the fact before Kitty.

"I suppose we all must come to it," Kitty said, and Dorothy bravely refrained from saying that Kitty had confused her tenses and that she had meant that every woman around their ages had grey hairs. Of course none of Kitty's could be seen. The excellent hair dresser Kitty went to, applied the henna before the grey hairs could be seen.

* * * *

It was two days before Kitty's intended departure. She was worried, for Ned had come to no concluding point and so many, many times Kitty had steered him in the right direction. They had talked of unhappy marriages, of divorces, of what they would do, if they could, of the pathos that such a pure and beautiful friendship should have to be treated as something non-existent.

Kitty was wearing a soft white dress with becoming frills and lovely touches of exquisite simplicity. They were sitting together in the summer house. How lovely she did look, Ned thought, so cool and white and pure, so dainty and alluring.

"You're an angel," he told her. He had told her this on many occasions, and never had she denied the truth of his statement.

"But Eddy," she changed the trend of the talk, "we can't go on forever and ever like this. Don't you know we can't? It isn't fair to her."

"You fine little girl! Always thinking of others."

"Oh, I feel most awfully wicked at times," she said.

"You couldn't be wicked if you tried," Ned exclaimed.

"But don't you see, Eddy dear, how it is? We can't go on—friends—when we both—"

She trembled a little then. Ned's arm went around her. In the distance the voices of the two children came to them. They were playing and their happy shrieks gave the air, which seemed almost electrically intense, a normal breath.

"The dear care-free children," she said. "How happy they are!"

"You love children," he said. "I've never seen any one I thought was more fond of them."

"I think I love them too much," she said softly, "too much for my own happiness. I can forgive a child anything, anything! They are so lovable, so irresponsible."

"What will I do week-ends," he asked, "when I come up here and you aren't here? I can't believe that this happy month is over."

"You'll have Dorothy," she said.

"But Dorothy cares so little. Dorothy is all wrapped up in her household." It had been almost the first time she had spoken of Dorothy directly. "I wish I could be like that. I would give anything if I didn't feel so deeply."

"But we're to see each other often, you mustn't be blue, little girl."

"We can't see each other again," she said. "I can't go on suffering like this unless you care—you care enough to—to—to divorce her," she whispered fiercely. "And you do care, you care for me like that, don't you, darling?" She pressed nearer.

Into his mind crept a strange and conflicting mass of emotions. Of course this was the ultimate ending of all such affairs—but—divorce Dorothy! The idea was too horrible. And this woman was suggesting it. The perfume she used filled him with a strange and disturbing restlessness. She was wiping her eyes with a small wisp of a handkerchief.

How horrible this all was. Horrible! Divorce Dorothy! He couldn't think of it. He couldn't get along without Dorothy, somewhere around. But it was rather thrilling—this crisis!

* * * *

The shrieks of the children came closer. They had been down by the creek wading through the soft, muddy, cool water.

"You're IT," the older one called.

"All right, but you know I can catch you," came the answer, and into the

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The Need of National Confidence

WITHOUT CONFIDENCE in one's ability to forge successfully to the front, an individual soon finds that he is woefully handicapped, lacking the punch that will "put him across." A man may have all the qualifications of greatness stored up in his being, but unless he has the bulwark of self-confidence in his heart, all his efforts will be in vain; there will always be the insistent cry within him, "I can't do it," "it's above me," "the opposition is too great." What is true of the individual is also true of a nation. A nation's confidence in itself may not materially be the foundation of its success, but it is the tingle of inspiration that carries it on to its ultimate goal; it is the thrill that over-rides opposition and proclaims national solidarity of purpose. A man is whatever he makes himself out to be in his own mind; successful or non-successful, as the case implies. A nation stands in the same limelight, naked to the same cold glare. Canada finds itself in that position, and a rather curious audience is sitting back, wondering and waiting, mentally repeating, "She may succeed; you can't tell."

To strive for success and yet lack several of the attributes that make for that success is working under difficulties. Yet Canada is not in that position. She has everything that possibly can make for recognition and a positive position among the nations of the world. She has the envied solid foundation upon which to build—material things in abundance. Her gigantic fur trade, dating from the early centuries up to the present day; her vast forest domain, rich in lumber and pulp-wood possibilities; her fisheries, from the Atlantic seaboard to the shores of the Pacific, leading over any other country in the world; her immense wheatlands, pointing to agricultural supremacy; her intensified forward progress in the industrial field, her iron trade and ship building—these are but a few of the mighty things that are the making of Canada; her triumphant bulwark.

Nor is this category of qualifications complete without mention of Canada as a playground.

That Canada will ultimately be the recreation centre of the North American continent is practically taken for granted, for as the woods and waters elsewhere are tamed, the desire to enjoy one's self under conditions much the same as the Creator left the world on the seventh day, becomes as a second instinct.

Truly all that Canada needs is an inward assertion of her self-confidence. With this conviction carried out, anything is possible.



Premier Taschereau and His Good Roads Program

NO MORE progressive step for the development of the good roads idea has been taken in Canada than the proposal of Premier Taschereau to seek authority from the Legislature to build and maintain the public highways without assessing the municipalities affected. One of the great drawbacks to a more progressive road-building policy throughout Canada has been the financial inability of the communities affected to pay for these much-needed improvements. Especially, has this been the case in the Province of Quebec, where many of the settlements are widely scattered.

In making his announcement, Premier Taschereau reiterated the declaration he has made so often, that the first consideration of his Government would be the development of the agricultural possibilities of the Province, and in pursuance of this policy he could not consistently tax the farmers for the public improvements that were destined to better the citizenry as a whole.

Quebec, with an area of more than 700,000 square miles, has tremendous potentialities. Its forests have a greater area than those of any other province, while the value of its resources is beyond the scope of human calculation. Its uncultivated fertile area also is exceedingly large.

Good roads are a great asset to any section, second only in importance to railroad and water transportation, and wherever they have been built, they have more than paid for themselves in greater production and lower production costs.

Highway construction in the Province of Quebec will open to development much territory that today is inaccessible, besides affording to the automobile tourist an opportunity to enjoy the delights of a country which, in point of scenic attraction, has few counterparts.

Premier Taschereau is to be congratulated on his constructive statesmanship. The steps which he and his Government are constantly taking to develop the Province should redound to the general benefit of Canada as a whole.

The Girl Guides in Canada

By NORMAN S. RANKIN

IF YOU are a girl and have reached the age of eleven, and are prepared to live up to the citizenship's standards of the organization, you may become a girl guide—that is, you may go into training to become one.

First you'll be a "tenderfoot," then a guide, and successively—if you "make good"—a patrol leader, a lieutenant, a captain, and commissioner. If you're under eleven, and long to become a guide, you may enter the kindergarten of the "Brownies"—more or less, the "Cub" status of the boy scouts—which holds out possibilities of a shortened term of "tenderfoot-ed-ness" and an earlier entry into the university of manners, morals, and the other acquirements of full guide-ship.

After inspecting the girl guides, seeing them at work and at play, and studying their rules, regulations, and history, I'm quite sure that if I were a girl, I'd be a guide. I'd want to be a good one and have the sleeves of my regulation shirt covered with multi-

colored, fantastic, enigmatic badges, like Lieutenant Marler, who displays records of proficiency in no less than twenty-four arts, trades, and sciences, and is the only gold cord wearer in the district—the highest honor attainable.

Up the picturesque Ottawa, where the North River discharges its tawny waters, close to the historic little English town of St. Andrews, is to be found the first general Girl Guides Camp in the Province of Quebec. Located by Training Officer Lodder and District Secretary, Anita Warden, on the west bank of the North, the camp presents a most attractive and convenient situation—a dry, level lawn, completely sheltered by trees, and carpeted and perfumed by the lavish hand of nature. Privacy, drainage, running water, and accessibility to the railroad, are its attributes while the thick woods that abound on two sides, furnish every opportunity for woodcraft and scouting. A dozen spotless bell tents house the forty-six

guides and ten officers, with a good sized marquee, as a dining hall, and a Red Cross tent for hospital purposes and supply house.

Here mere man is "taboo," or, at least, not required or wanted. This is the age of female suffrage, of women executives, and women police, and if you think for a minute that they can't get along without men, just pay them a visit. With the exception of initial aid from a carpenter to construct the cook and wash houses, the guides did all the work of erecting the camp themselves. Why shouldn't they, they ask? In an organization where they are taught something of many of the arts and crafts and sciences, it is, but natural that they should. And they've done it well. Be the weather bad or fine, rain or shine, they lie snug in their canvas shelters, and life flows on under semi-military discipline with the regularity and mechanism of an overseas, war-time settlement.

When one looks over the Guide Law under which all must live and work, it is not surprising that they are efficient,



A group of the "Girl Guides" photographed at their camp, St. Andrew's, Que.



All the Guides are properly instructed in the proper handling of boats and canoes, and in aquatic sports generally.

for it is a long code and a strict one. Here are some of their tenets: A guide must be loyal, courteous, thrifty, and obedient; she must be pure in thought, in word, and in deed; be useful and helpful to others, and a friend and sister to every other guide; she must be kind to all animals; smile and sing under all difficulties, and honorable in all things.

Although discipline is necessary and enforced in camp and on parade, the organization is non-military, democratic, and non-denominational. "The Colonel's lady and Bridget O'Grady are just the same under their skins."

The Girl Scout movement had its initiation in Canada some twelve years ago and is an overseas extension of Sir Robert Baden-Powell's English Guides. It was incorporated along the lines of the Boy Scouts for the purpose of developing good citizenship among girls by forming their character, training them in habits of observation, obedience, and self-reliance, inculcating loyalty and thoughtfulness for others, and teaching them services useful to themselves and to the public, in addition to promoting their physical development, making them capable of keeping good homes and of bringing up good children, in a word, it is a scheme of elder and younger sisters playing together, rather than the instruction of privates by officers in a cut-and-dried disciplinary manner or of pupils by teachers in an academic curriculum.

Three years ago the Montreal District was formed with Mrs. George Duncan, to whom much praise is due for the present efficiency of the force,

as commissioner. The district has a radius of 25 miles, and at present is active in St. Johns, Beauharnois, Greenfield Park, Bordeaux, Ahuntsic, MacMasterville, Westmount, Notre Dame de Grace, Town of Mount Royal, and other places. Its growth is indicated in the fact that whereas at the Montreal rally held last February the registration was 400, it has increased since that time to nearly 700.

Through voluntary contributions by the girls themselves, and through concerts and entertainments organized by them for the purpose, the organization is self-supporting. A local association,

composed of ladies interested in furthering the movement, who might properly be called "patronesses," also looks after the organization's welfare, and through their interest this year in providing funds for camp utensils and equipment, this first general camp has been made possible. The guides contribute five dollars and the officers seven dollars a week for their maintenance.

It was Sunday when I visited the camp, and during the rest hour, but they, nevertheless, turned out good naturedly, in dress order, and assisted me in taking the photographs that illustrate this article. I inspected the camp, kitchen and equipment, the model bridge-building, first aid, and the other chief features, such as the ceremony of lowering and raising the flag, life-saving, diving, etc., and all went off swimmingly. There were no silk stockings, butterfly skirts, powder puffs, or vanity bags. The guides were sun-tanned, clear-eyed, muscle-taut, enthusiastic; the result of living with and next to Old Mother Nature, and having neither time nor inclination for frivolous things.

The organization has its own court of honor. It is a committee formed within the camp itself for the purposes of jurisdiction and administration, and is composed of the officers, the leaders of the various sub-committees, games, hikes, etc., and patrol leaders. It rules upon all matters of discipline, duty, and correction, and its rulings are final.

Badge work embraces all work in connection with the arts and trades that the guiders are studying and



Here we see the Guides engaged in various pursuits, proficiency in which will earn them the coveted badges and sleeve decorations.



Domestic training is no inconsiderable factor in the daily curriculum of the camp.

attempting to qualify in. These are many, and include electricity, geology, millinery, health, horsemanship, thrift, authorship, art, gardening, toy-making, embroidering, cooking, domestic service, dress-making, photography, basket-making, entertaining, swimming, laundrying, house-keeping, nature study, knitting, cycling, signalling, dairying, and a host of other things.

To qualify as a cook, for example, and win the cook's badge, the applicant must be able to light a fire and make a cooking place with a few bricks or logs, and cook the following dishes: Irish stew, porridge, steamed pudding, pastry, scones, etc., make tea, coffee, and cocoa, and understand the proper manner of serving table.

To win the sportswoman's badge, the girl guide must be able to follow up a trail of half a mile in 25 minutes; be able to play two of several outdoor games; gain 70 per cent marks in an observation game, and display proficiency in stalking and despatch running.

To become a qualified pioneer, the applicant must be able to camp out for at least a week, and know how to pitch, trench, air, and strike a tent, or improvise quarters in a barn or unfinished building.

The swimmer's badge is earned by ability to swim 150 yards on breast, back, or side, in a bathing suit, also 25 yards fully dressed; dive both from height and surface, throw a life line, and know at least two methods of rescuing the drowning.

To qualify in geology, the guide

must have a general knowledge of the various periods of the formation of the earth's crust, and know which are the water-bearing rocks, as well as being able to identify twenty different minerals in their natural state and twenty different fossils, and state the period to which they belong.

The camp is in charge of a commandant, whose duties are more or less, those of an army quartermaster, and she, together with the cook and the training officers, are the only paid members. Each guide brings her own dishes, and washes them; pays her own railroad fare, and washes her own clothes.

The officer's uniform consists of a navy blue coat or tunic, with patch pockets and black bone buttons; a navy skirt and a white shirt, with black shoes and stockings; a tie, light blue or company color, and a navy blue felt hat turned up on the left side with the badge according to rank, captains adding a blue cockade. A brown leather belt with official buckle is worn over the tunic, and, on the left shoulder, a six-inch knot of ribbon. Officers carry army whistles on a white lanyard around the neck, attached to the belt on the right side. In hot weather, the tunic is abandoned. All badges, excepting war service, service stars, and cords must be worn on the shirt sleeves. The guide's uniform differs only in that the hat has straight brim.

There seems to be no doubt that the Girl Guide movement is extending rapidly throughout Canada, for already there are more than 19,000 enrolments. The advantages of membership are obvious, and like the Boy Scout organization, make for moral, spiritual, educational, and physical uplift. There is every indication of contentment and happiness amongst those in the present camps, and when at dusk, the huge bon-fire nightly throws its flickering shadows over tree and clearing, sward and tent, doubtless, the guides depict, in the roseate gleams that flare skywards, a future of work and study, health and activity of which they have never dreamed before.



Here are a group of officers whose untiring efforts have made the camp at St. Andrew's such a success. From left to right, back row: Mrs. Favreau, unattached; Miss G. O. Lodder, training officer; Miss Dorothy Davison, camp commandant; Miss J. L. James; Miss Anita Warden, district secretary; Front row, Miss Adelaide Marler, lieutenant; Mrs. W. S. Bentley, lieutenant; Miss Marjorie Weir, captain.



A typical scene in the Canadian West, where the openrange has not yet been superseded by the farm, and where the cattle industry still thrives in all its pristine glory.

Why Canada Wants Her Cattle Embargo

"HOW LONG is Great Britain going to perpetuate this lie about Canadian cattle being diseased?"

This was the question put many years ago to Sir Charles Tupper, by the late Sir William Van Horne, and it is a question which most Canadians are asking today.

I well remember the graphic story which Sir William used to tell, as the sequel to his question. Sir Charles Tupper was at that time, the Prime Minister of Canada, and following the representations of the then President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he took advantage of a visit to England to make vigorous representations against the embargo on Canadian cattle. As is well known, ever since the embargo was removed, Canadian cattle landed alive in England have had to be slaughtered in quarantine, almost immediately on arrival. There is no opportunity to "finish" them in British pastures and send them to the market in prime condition.

Sir Charles Tupper took direct issue with the allegation that there was any danger of Canadian cattle, in producing disease in England, and as a result of his vigorous representations, two veterinary surgeons were sent to Liverpool to make a special investigation of Canadian cattle then arriving. Sir Charles, who, by the way, was a

Removed

By C. LINTERN SIBLEY

medical man, decided to be present himself when this investigation was made. By way of priming himself, he bought the best books on the subject of cattle diseases, which could be obtained, and "crammed" himself on the diagnosis of cattle diseases.

Arrived at the place where Canadian cattle were quarantined, he said to the British veterinary surgeons, "Now then, select what you consider to be the worst specimens among these cattle, and we will have them slaughtered and examined."

This the surgeons did. When they were slaughtered, Sir Charles, according to Sir William Van Horne, took off his coat, donned an apron, and himself undertook the post-mortem examination. Opening up one carcass after the other, he took out the vital organs and holding them aloft, challenged the British experts to show any sign of disease.

What a picture this great statesman must have presented as, in shirt sleeves and apron, he exultantly dangled in the air the vital organs of newly-slaughtered cattle.

As a matter of fact, not the slightest sign of disease was discovered. The

British experts had to present a report once and for all, sweeping away the foundations on which the embargo had up to that time rested. Since then the embargo has admittedly been nothing more and nothing less than a protectionist measure in favor of the landed proprietors of Great Britain and Ireland, but not until the recent report of the Royal Commission on the subject, has it been frankly admitted that disease has nothing whatever to do with the question.

It was during the war—to be precise, in the year 1917—that the British Government gave a promise to Canada that justice should at last be done to the Dominion in the matter. It is now stated that the promise was one which possibly would not have been given in different circumstances later, but Canada expects that promise to be honored, and have been bitterly disappointed at the fact that the British Parliament has put off the matter instead of dealing with it in a straightforward way.

It is, at any rate, satisfactory to know that the question of disease has at length been disposed of, and that it is now admitted that the embargo has been maintained under false pretences. Lord Crewe and other landed proprietors, who have opposed the lifting of the embargo, seem to be of the opinion that if Canadian cattle are admit-



Here we see Mr. Geo. B. Lane, owner of the great Bar "B" ranch, and accepted "cattle king" of Canada.



The grade of Western Canadian cattle is improving each year.

ted to Great Britain, all other cattle must be admitted as well. Why? Reference might surely be extended in this direction.

At present not only is there a lack of preference, but Canada is actually being discriminated against. In the first place it may well be asked, if Canadian stores are not to be allowed in, how can Great Britain continue to allow its ports to be open to Ireland, now that Ireland has been conceded Dominion status?

In the second place, it has been established by evidence before the Royal Commission, that Chicago packers have obtained a strangle-hold on the famous Smithfield market, as they now control 85% of the meat sold there. This fact now works a peculiar injustice to Canada. Formerly Canadians had some compensation for the loss of the British market under the embargo from the fact that they were able to sell their cattle in the United States. The Fordney Tariff, however, has effectually shut-off the American market, as a profitable outlet for Canadian cattle, and Canadian farmers are now chagrined to see a foreign country which discriminates against Canada actually in control of the principal meat market in their Mother Country. A recent letter published in the British press by Mr. A. Herbert Eckford, at one time one of the largest breeders of cattle in Canada, put the matter very forcibly. The letter is, as follows:

"TO THE EDITOR,

"Sir—It is hardly an exaggeration to say that many of us are staggered by the decision of the present Government to maintain the embargo on Canadian cattle, and this in spite of

the unanimous finding of the recent Royal Commission that it should be raised, a finding supported by the great mass of the population who wish to see justice done to a great Dominion, and who wish to obtain relief from the heavy cost of fresh meat.

"I have been struck by one of the recent utterances of Lord Crewe (a former Colonial Secretary), at the meeting of the Bedfordshire Chamber of Agriculture, in which he includes Canadian cattle among "foreign cattle," and further states, "Whether the

cattle were allowed in from Canada or any other country, it could in no way affect the supply of beef, or the price of beef, which was, of course, what the trouble was about." I doubt if any people of common sense can agree with these views, for it stands to reason that a fresh supply of store cattle would have a decided tendency to lower the present exorbitant price of beef. If the demand for more cattle is here—and there is no doubt that it is—the Canadian farmer is quite a good enough man of business to meet the demand with—I do not hesitate to say—the healthiest and best cattle in the world. Not only would the steady supply of Canadian cattle to the home markets have a distinct tendency to lower the price of beef to our sorely pressed masses, but it would tend to keep our home markets free of the strangle hold that the Chicago packers have obtained on our Smithfield market; for according to the recent evidence before the Royal Commission, they today control eighty-five per cent of the meat sold there.

"Having spent thirty years in Canada, during which time I was one of the largest breeders of cattle there, I consider that I can speak for the feeling of the cattle breeders of Canada, and, I may add, the general public in Canada, towards this embargo question. To put it mildly, the Canadian people consider that they have been treated in a most unjust manner. This



A scene in Ontario, where the modern farmer finds cattle raising a profitable unit in diversified farming.

seems to me to be a most regrettable state of affairs, when one considers the magnificent way loyal Canada rallied to the flag, when the cry went out "The Empire is in danger."

"I am of the opinion that when this embargo question comes next before the British electorate, they will make the cry of "Cheaper Meat for the Industrial Classes," a first-class political issue, and I confidently expect the finding of the Royal Commission to be upheld, in justice to Canada and our working population.

"A. HERBERT ECKFORD.

"Mavishaugh, St. Andrews, N.B.

"March 1st, 1922."

As some exception has been taken to the claim that a promise was given to Canada that the embargo should be removed, it may be stated that this promise was made to the Canadian representatives at the Imperial War Conference in 1917. The following are excerpts from the minutes of the meeting, at which were present from Canada, Premier Borden and the Hon. Messrs. Hazen and Rogers:

Mr. Prothers: "As far as I personally am concerned, and so far as

the British Board of Agriculture is concerned, after the war is over, of course, because it is not an economical mode of bringing meat to this country during the war, to bring over live animals, we should, I consider, be wise to remove the embargo. If we do take any action, I do not see why it should not be taken at once, especially if we cannot put it into operation until after the war is over."

The Chairman (Mr. Walter Long): "Now the position is that the restriction is to be removed, and that the Board of Agriculture will take such steps as are necessary for the purpose, but upon the understanding that, there being no tonnage, there cannot be any arrival."

After further discussion, during which Sir Robert Borden and the Hon. Mr. Rogers insisted that the undertaking itself should not be postponed, even if it could not be carried out until the war was over, the following final undertaking was given:

The Chairman: "The Minister of Agriculture has undertaken to do it."

Mr. Rogers: "Do not you think we should have a resolution about it?"

The Chairman: "You do not want

a resolution, do you—or if you like you can simply move that the embargo on Canadian cattle be removed as speedily as possible."

Mr. Rogers: "I beg to move that."

The Chairman: "Mr. Prothers accepts that, and there is an end to it."

Mr. Hazen: "I think that as we have a statement from the President of the Board of Agriculture that this restriction should be removed, and that he does not see why it should not be done at once, we might leave it there."

As to the business reasons, why Canada wishes the embargo to be removed, the relations between Canada and the United States on the one hand, and Canada and the United Kingdom on the other, furnish a striking commentary. When Great Britain first imposed the embargo the result was to drive Canadian cattle breeders into the arms of the great American packing houses. Our cattle trade with Great Britain, once so flourishing, dwindled away to nothing. For instance, in the year 1920-21 we sent 131 live cattle to Great Britain, of a total

(Continued on page 42)



A few years ago a farm such as this, would have been an idle dream in Western Canada.



Photograph, courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway
In Northern Canada there is a vast wilderness millions of acres in extent that can be penetrated only by the canoe. It is the country of the big game and the fighting fish.

Canoeing in the Canadian North

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

PROBABLY no country in the world is so well fitted for the use of the canoe, as is the Canadian North. Properly speaking, the canoe is here in its element. The canoe in the North indeed, is the necessary key to a difficult situation, for without this remarkable craft what streams, rivers, and lakes innumerable could be negotiated, what wilderness tapped, or what experiences realized. The country in its very make-up defies many of the modern conveniences of travel. There are true man-size conditions to contend with, rough and tumble, clash and clang waters that are thrilling to behold, but only to be considered as possible of circumvention by the canoe voyageur, who is only too eager to test his skill with the unharnessed elements. The canoe was, and is, to the North, what the pack-horse and burro was to the early West. It was the burro that packed the rails and materials through the Rockies, and so paved the way for an East to West railway system, but unlike the burro, which is now almost an animal of the past, the canoe still remains the stand-by in the North. It can not be replaced by any substitute that will equal it, for it is the correct craft under peculiar circumstances. Like the diamond, a good canoe in the North always retains its value.

The history of Canada is linked

indissolubly with the canoe. The fur trade, that bulwark of northern enterprise, used this common carrier to transport its cargoes of valuable furs out of the wilderness to the haunts of men. Annually, in those days of the past, cargoes went west from Montreal to Edmonton, and in this sphere the canoe played probably its most spectacular rôle. The danger, intense labor, and hardship of those long trips can scarcely be imagined, and yet those Indians and voyageurs were the type of men upon whose efforts the civilization of the North was founded. And back of it all, is the silent figure of the canoe, as a reminder that it was the fore-runner of empire.

The original canoe of the North was the birch-barker. The primitive canoe was often a great one in size, especially the craft used for heavy transportation. Other canoes used for running the waters with little to carry were considerably smaller. These canoes were deftly made by the Indians, some of them perfect works of art. Up until a few years ago, the birch-bark canoe was still in evidence in Northern Quebec, but it has been replaced by that more modern production, the canvas-covered canoe, which it is hard to equal from any one of many viewpoints. In Northern Ontario, and even

in Western Ontario, one still sees this primitive craft with the significant initials, H.B.C., prominently arrayed at bow or stern. A feature of the birch bark canoe that was its crowning point of distinction was its lightness, and lightness in a craft of this sort is surely a prime requisite. Again it was a clean runner, but once damaged and permitted to take up water, it missed wide of the mark in efficiency. It is a sad sight, a reminder of the days of the past, to see every now and then, one of these canoes abandoned beside some portage, or at the edge of a lake, or stream.

With the passing of the birch-barker, the wooden canoe and the canvas-covered canoe came into prominence. The Peterborough type of wooden canoe is greatly in use in the North. There are some who cleave almost fanatically to it, believing it the one and only canoe for the rocky streams of Canada, especially in the country around Hudson's Bay. Others talk down the wooden canoe, holding that the least scratch or scar will permit it to take in water, so that practically, it gets heavier and heavier, as you go along. This claim is of course to a great extent, exaggeration. It is my own opinion that few who have tried out the wooden canoe makes statements against it. Be that as it may, the town of Peterborough, Ontario,



From the point of view of the angler the canoe has much to recommend it.



The canoe can penetrate to the most sequestered spots.

was made famous by the wooden canoes produced there, and that reputation still holds good, so there must be a great number devoted to the wooden product.

But the wooden canoes have their place and their especial duties to perform. The rough, wild, rocky river of the country north of the Great Lakes up to Hudson's Bay proper, finds them in their element. They will carry heavy loads and they will stand a prodigious amount of wear and tear, more so by far, than the canvas-covered type. The canvas-covered canoes are, of course, to be noticed everywhere in the North on rivers and lakes. They are light, and they will carry heavy loads. They bear up well, and if it should happen that a jagged rock is hit and the canvas is torn (as sooner or later will happen), it can readily be patched with no ill resulting. It is strange, when you think of it, that you can find the Old Town canoes of Maine all through the North, even up to the shores of Labrador.

The question of moment with the man who desires to cruise the rivers and lakes of the far North is: What length of canoe should I take along with me? Some cleave to the Guide's Model 18-footer, and will have no other. Some prefer the 16-footer, claiming for it all the advantages that are to be desired for the streams of Quebec and the far North in general. Mr. S. E. Sangster, who knows, perhaps, more about the wilderness of Eastern Canada than any other living

man, claims preference for the 17-foot Old Town, canvas-covered canoe for all Height of Land waters, stating: "This canoe is unsurpassed for cruising and hunting purposes. The 17-foot length has proved to be quite as easily handled and quite as fast, if not faster, than the 16-foot length, at the same time carrying fully 50 per cent more duffle."

The canoe 18-foot in length, being 34 inches at beam, and 12 inches deep

amidships, has the ability of riding well, and will carry two men with three months' provisions and their complete camping outfit. One writer recommends the 18-footer "because of its lesser draft for the same load and its greater speed on the same paddle power."

Personally, I would suggest the 17-footer over the 18-footer, and even 16-footer, in some instances. A canoe of this length with a 33-inch beam, one foot in depth in its centre and with a more or less flat bottom, makes for a good craft. The point scored against many canoes is the fact that they roll and tip too easily. This is because they have not the highly necessary flat bottom. The canoe with the moderately flat bottom is to be preferred over any of the round bottomed ones, some of them having scarcely any hint of a flat surface. The complaint issued against the flat bottomed affair is that it does not ride with such ease, as does the canoe without a pronounced bottom. This is not true. The little, if any, resistance a canoe such as this gives, forms a negligible portion not to be considered. The view I take of the flat-bottomed canoe—that is comparatively flat with of course the sweep up at the sides—is that it has lesser draft than the canoe with the nearly all-rounded bottom, and that you can with far greater ease distribute your camping and duffle paraphernalia in it. But above all stands out the fact that it is a hundred per cent more safe than the full rounded canoe.



In such waters as these the canoeist must requisition all his skill.



A scene in the Canadian Northland.

In his advocacy of the flat-bottomed canoe, Warren Miller, a well-known writer on outdoor subjects states: "The reason why many canoes are so tippily that one has to part one's hair in the middle when paddling them, is because they have not the flat bottom essential to stability. They lack what sailors call bilge; they are too like a barrel in cross section and turn and roll as easily as a barrel in consequence. This is the reason why all canoes built with barrel hoops for ribs are so capsize and unsafe. The flat bottom, on the contrary, gives her stability, so that she stands up staunchly under sail and it takes more than a good deal of leaning by both bow and stern man together to make her go over. And you will get many a joggle and throw from passing at full speed willy-nilly under tree-branches and trunks; many a hurl bodily against the bushes at the stream-side, when a tippily canoe will most likely upset then and there, because of the efforts of her crew to get out of trouble and protect their faces against stubs and the like. So see that the canoe has at least 20 inches of comparatively flat bottom, before the round turn of the bilge begins."

Should the cruising canoe have a keel piece? There are some who prefer to have a canoe without this addition, and, of course, the keel-less canoe works in fine in the shallower paddles, but for all around canoeing there is no equal to the keel to the canoe. The one that I vastly prefer is the canoe having a keel one inch square. Material for this keel piece can be of maple, solidly screwed in, the heads countersunk to give a smooth bottom surface to the keel. There are some who believe that the one-inch keel piece runs too deep. In this case, there is much to be said for the wide keel piece which may be about three inches wide and three-eighths of an inch thick. It is of maple, too, and should be securely screwed down after it is

first sunk in a good grade of canoe glue.

This marine glue is to be had at most sporting goods establishments, and should be kept in your outfit during your trip on the waters, for when there comes a tear in the canoe canvas it can readily be mended by the aid of a piece of canvas and this glue. The presence of a keel on the canoe is a

help of no mean order. Gliding over the rocks, trees, etc., it is the keel that bears the brunt of the scraping, inevitably sparing the canvas this trying experience. If the opportunity ever



Back from the hunt.

permits and you happen across a canoe without a keel piece, either a wide flat one or the one I have recommended of one inch square, turn it up and see what the bottom looks like. You will, nine chances out of ten, find it well riddled with patches, as mementos of past disasters on rocks and submerged stubs, stumps, and dead-heads. Before I forget it, it is well to speak of patching a rent in a canoe, as this is a plausible happening at any time. In the absence of the commercial glue that is used for the purpose, the Indian of the North uses spruce gum which they melt up, lard being add-

ed to prevent it from hardening. The tear in the canoe is treated to this mixture, a birch-bark torch aiding in keeping it sticky. Some of the sticky gum is applied to the canvas piece, and this is pressed home while it is still warm. After this is firm in place, the whole patch is coated with the gum, as also some of the "territory" adjacent to the patch.

"The best material used in patching canoes," writes Frederick K. Vreeland, explorer and sportsman, in an interesting article on the subject, "is the marine glue made for that purpose, which is like a very sticky black pitch. Thick white lead is better than nothing, and spruce gum melted with tallow can be used in a pinch. If the leak is small, simply warm the spot with a candle flame and smear on the pitch with the heated blade of your knife. Be sure to dry the spot thoroughly with the flame before applying the pitch. If the hole is large take your knife and cut a slit clean through the canvas an inch larger all around than the slit and work it with your knife between the canvas cover and the planking. Then with the candle work the melted pitch all around, sticking the patch firmly to the canvas, and tack down the edges of the cut with copper tacks. A patch made in this way will be absolutely tight and almost as strong as the original covering."

The knowledge of how to patch a canoe should be known by all who attempt a trip into the North woods. Be sure and include a can of marine glue in your outfit. You will need it, and when you do, you will probably need it badly.

In selecting paddles there are a few hints that would not be out-of-place.



Beyond the height of land.



At the end of the portage—to some, the chief drawback to the canoe trip, to others, an added attraction.

The paddle for the stern often stands the brunt of the work, hence it should be heavier. Maple as a material for the stern paddle is suggested. Spruce is what I deem to be the best for the bow paddle. The stern paddle in length should reach you to the chin, as you stand up. The blade of this one should be 28 inches, $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and preferably shod with copper. The bow paddle as a rule, is three inches shorter than the stern paddle with a blade 26 inches long, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide.

The loading of the canoe with the camp outfit—the various duffle, cook kit, and incidentals—demands not a little attention, and is something that the amateur often would pass by lightly, without undue thought, yet it should be remembered that a canoe trip to be a success demands attention to all these seemingly insignificant details. One learns through experience that a little time spent in taking care of the outfit and arranging everything where it should be pays in the long run. The most cumbersome materials, the heaviest portions of the outfit, should always lie on the bottom of the canoe with the lighter materials on top. The arrangement should so be made that when everything is packed, the bow of the canoe will ride a few inches higher than the stern. If placed in haphazard, so that the bow will sink lower than the stern, one will encounter difficulties he never thought possible. Always should the bow ride a little higher than the stern. This is a simple precaution that should be remembered. Also the duffle should be so arranged, that if anything is wanted during the time of paddling that article can be readily reached without taking out

everything that is packed to find it. A canoe outfit that is packed right, everything in place, takes up comparatively little space. If packed in any old way you will be surprised what space it demands.

A waterproof tarpaulin is always a good thing to include in the outfit. This can be stretched out and roped down over the duffle and general camp outfit to protect it from wind, rain, and spray. Some prefer to have a ridge along the top, so that when it rains the water is permitted to run off

at either side. This is not a bad idea, and is often carried out. To gain this ridge a light pole an inch or so thick is fitted in place. Over this the tarpaulin rests. In the absence of the tarpaulin, the ordinary rubber army poncho is a good addition to the outfit. I do not consider it out-of-place for two of these ponchos to be included for each canoe, since, generally, there are two men to a canoe. The ponchos can be used as covering for the duffle; they can be used in the ordinary way over the body to shed rain; they can be used at night in the shelter tent, as a floor cloth to lie on, or will keep you warm by using it in collaboration with the blanket. When desired, two of these ponchos buttoned together makes a pup tent, one of them set up makes a lean-to. The canoe can be set on edge and by making a protruding roof in front, the poncho serves as a tent roof. Taken all in all, there is hardly an equal to the poncho in wilderness travel. Once you have had one along you will never be without one. Yet, for all that, useful as they are, rarely do we find mention of them contained in writings on this interesting subject.

The very nature of the lay of the ground in Canada demands numerous carryings of the canoe from one lake to another, or, where a stream turns up with a rocky course for a ways, that can not be traversed with the canoe, it must be taken out and carried to



The canoe is just as popular in the Georgian Bay as in Eastern Canada.



Getting the midday meal is no easy task.

another point on the stream where the trip can be continued. Therefore, the knowledge of how to portage becomes a necessity with the wilderness wanderer. Portages may be but a block, or a few rods in length, and then again they may be a mile. Some portages are far greater than that, but they must be put up with. It is on the portage that the grouch will show himself. He will turn irritable and sharp of tongue. He will complain and will banter. He will tell you what fools you all were for making that trip, or, at least, choosing such a disgusting route. Make up your mind to be an Indian on the portage. An Indian would not complain if he had to carry a canoe and duffle from Superior's shore to Hudson's Bay!

The impulse of the amateur on a canoe trip is to carrying the duffle from one point to another on the portage, in his arms. It is being done every year in the North. Probably every man has done this until he learned the regulation way, and then everything was smooth going. Duffle should be carried between portages by means of so-called tump-lines or straps. On these the various bundles are arranged. It is a marvel how much a man can carry by this arrangement. One man of the two in a canoe carries the canoe, and the other, preferably the stronger, carries the duffle. Or a change can be made, one carrying the duffle one time and the canoe the next. There is a little trick to the carrying of the canoe, but it is simply learned. The two paddles are placed across the canoe to

form a sort of a yoke, the head going between, and the canoe is righted somewhat, so the tip is up in the air, so that the man carrying same can see what is ahead of him. It is a good idea to have your sweater or some other soft garment or material to tuck under the paddles, that act as the carrying yoke, or you will find that you will be carrying a disagreeable load, not that the canoe is so heavy, but it rests on the shoulder bones. The inserting of the sweater between relieves you of this discomfort.

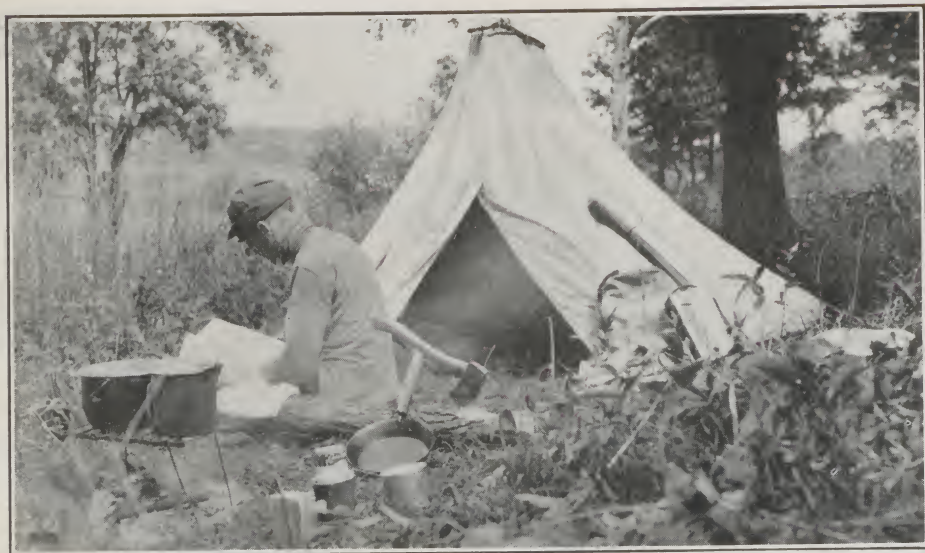
It has been said about a canoe trip in the North that you should go as light as possible; in fact, you cannot go too light. People wont to luxuries and conveniences of all sorts will of course prove stumbling blocks on the canoe trip, because they will wish to include this and add that, things, in fact, that could just as well be left at home. The outfit must be scientifically pared down to admit only those things that are absolutely necessary. If it were said that the success of the whole trip depends upon just that the truth of the whole story would be told.

In the first place let us consider the tent. The first move of the amateur would be to select a wall tent for use on the canoe trip. While there is a place for the wall tent one thing is absolutely certain, that is it is utterly out of place on a trip as we have considered it. The wall tent is all well and good for the permanent camp, where one remains stationary on one spot during his whole trip, but for a canoe trip where one puts up his tent every evening at a new place, and takes it down in the morning, something more convenient and possible of utilization is in demand. Hence we have the so-called shelter tents to select from.

After years of experience with shelter tents, I have come to one conclusion, and that conclusion is what I consider the prime requisite—outside of one necessity, that the tent should be light—I want a tent that is *rain-proof*, and *bug-proof* at the same time. One often reads in articles on camp-life of stretching out under the trees and sleeping through the night, as



A typical scene in the Canadian wilds.



A shelter tent that is particularly well adapted to the North.

sound as a brick. We hear of open face tents; sleeping stretched out unprotected under canoes, and so forth. It may be all right in stories, and all that, but I would like to see one do it in the North in the early part of the summer, with the mosquitos, deer flies, black flies, and every other sort of insect. One simply must go protected against winged pests in Canada, or a trip breaks down and becomes one of hardship. Protected from the flies one can really enjoy himself. I do hold that to escape the winged death battalions one can arrange to go North in August and in the autumn, but the bulk of those who enter Canada vacation bent do so in the fore-part of the season. Therefore, protection must be had. A shelter tent for the canoe trip must be light, capable of shedding the rain, and must be so arranged that it can be closed up and protected with mosquito netting in front. These lightweight tents can be had in very light materials. One tent weighs five pounds complete, another six and another seven. Such weights are agreeable, and recommended. Another point that should be remembered in the selection of a shelter tent, is that it should be easy to put up without the use of half a hundred pegs. This is a point that scores well for the so-called pyramid tent. It has a peak rope that is tied to a branch, and only four pegs, one on each corner keeps it stretched. The so-called "A" tents are also good. A shelter tent should be commodious enough to sleep two without crowding and are more for protection against rain and mosquitos than to keep one warm. This reveals the fact that the tent need not be cut exactly on the order of the lean-to which is good in the colder weather for a fire can be

built in front, the heat rays thus radiating inward.

Everything carried on a canoe trip is judged to take up as little space as possible. This is true also of the cooking outfit. One must get not only the lightest material, but that material must be the most substantial to be got. It is highly doubtful if aluminum ware can be equalled in this respect; aluminum ware scores A-Number-1 on all points, and it is the material for a cooking outfit for the canoe trip that I would suggest.

You can buy your cooking outfit complete for an agreeable sum. The whole affair is what is known as a nesting outfit; that is to say, you have

three or four kettles, there being one that is the largest of all; the next one in size fits snugly inside of that; the third one inside of that and the fourth one (if you so desire), inside of that one. The pan that you use for mixing your bread fits over the bottom of the big kettle. The smallest kettle at the top is the one you use for cooking your coffee in, and in this go your cups and spoons. Over the whole affair fits a bag that draws snug around the outside kettle and which is long enough to reach up at the top, so that the plates and the frying pan can rest nicely on top of the kettles. The knives and forks are slipped down alongside of the kettles. Then the draw cord at the top of the bag is pulled tight and tied—and there you have it. An outfit of this sort can thus be had fourteen inches deep, by twelve inches in diameter. Knives, forks, spoons and the tin plates you eat off of need not be aluminium; only those articles that must needs be used on the fire. The plates can be of tin. Also the mixing pan for the bread can be of tin material as this is never on the fire. In the case of drinking cups, I vastly prefer that they be of enameled ware; and the plates, too, can be of that material, without adding much to the weight of the outfit.

A grate to cook and fry over is a necessity. Of course one can cook and fry in the ordinary woodsman way, but this is needless when one can, by the addition of a handy grate dispense with such inconvenience. There are



Getting off to an early start.

grates now to be had with metal sides on three sides, the front being open. This is a good idea and keeps the wind out. Without these metal sides the wind blows through the fire not only blowing smoke in your face, but driving the heat away. With the metal sides no part of the heat radiation is lost. A grate such as this, folds neatly, and can be tucked away with the other articles of your duffle without any space-taking to speak of.

All goods in the shape of food taken along must be protected from the elements, dampness being as destructive as rain. There are side-opening food bags that are water-proof, and which, when sealed up, will float on the water. Thus the food is protected. Such bags should be got by all means. They come in such sizes as 22 by 8 inches, and 24 by 9 inches. Inside of these the food is placed in small paraffined food bags, 9 by 8 inches, and for the larger ones, 12 by 8 inches. Thus, if your large water-proof main bag is 8 inches in diameter then the food bags must be just right to slip them in one on top of the other till the bag is filled, when it is closed. You can make these smaller bags, which fit inside of the big one, out of muslin, after which you can water-proof them by dipping them in melted paraffin. However, it should be remembered,

that these large food bags and the smaller ones to fit inside of them can be purchased ready to use in any well-fitted sporting goods establishment. One of these large food bags should hold very nearly 40 pounds in vital foods.

Save for a few cans of evaporated or condensed milk, do not take canned goods along. Canned goods are an absolute nuisance in wilderness travel by canoe, and the less said about them the better. It is all well and good enough to insert a certain portion of such on a trip near to civilization, but for an extended trip over the waters where you must portage often, and where every extra pound will tell on your back, these cannot be admitted. A party going into the woods depends, to a certain extent, upon game that they kill, and fish that they catch to help things along. This, however, is not to say that you should bring your rifle along and take pot shots at moose and deer that stand in the water all along the northern lakes, a practice that I cannot too strenuously condemn. A man who will shoot at these animals in the summer should not be allowed to enter the woods. In going over the northern lakes it is not uncommon to come across a dead moose smelling to high heaven, the result of some fool's desire to see if he could hit

an innocent animal. A partridge now and then, or a duck may be all right, altho' it is against the law to shoot them in the summer, but never, never, never take pot shots at valuable large game. There is a season for them. Recognize that season. Fish, on the other hand, are always to be had in abundance. Pike, muskies, lake trout, brook trout and others, all go to keep your larder well supplied. A long barreled Stevens pistol, .22 caliber, is a good thing to bring along on a summer canoe trip into the woods—never a rifle. With this pistol you can kill your large fish when they are brought up close to the canoe, hence, besides being a sort of a protection it serves a well-defined purpose.

There are fully thousands of enthusiasts, who would annually enter the Canadian woods were it not for the thought generally held, that it is a feat equal to that of finding the North Pole, with all attendant discomforts and hardships. And yet, once one has made the trip he is surprised to find that the difficulties met with are hardly more "severe" than those encountered in canoeing on waters near to civilization. If the list I have given of necessities is closely followed, everything should work out to the end of a perfect trip. These particulars have



It is on this character of stream that the canoe is so much at home.

been ascertained through experience. There may, of course, be some other things that could be added, but in the main, I have covered the situation with due care. First, arrange your party and know that you are all good fellows, out for a good time, willing to do your part. Next go over everything. Have a check-list of what is needed and then as you purchase your materials, cross them out, being sure not to forget some of the most needed though apparently insignificant things, such as knives, camp-axes, a few nails of various sizes, matches, a coil or two of light wire, a ball of cord, tooth-brush, razor, and so forth. These things are often forgotten in the rush of things, but time will tell you how necessary they really happen to be. Instead of a hunting knife on a trip of this sort, I vastly prefer the good old jack-knife, and if you have one with a chain connected to it you can attach it to the belt and carry it in the pocket, never to be lost in your wanderings. One good watch in a party is sufficient. The invaluable compass and map must not, under any circumstances, be

forgotten. I make note of this for the simple reason that you often have to go by compass over Canadian waters, the maps, as a rule not being totally reliable. For instance, a map will show one large sheet of water when, upon going over it, it will be found to be full of islands and peninsulas. This often leads one astray, unless of course, one has his compass when, without undue trouble, he can navigate in the right direction and find the outlet to the lake. Without the compass he like as not, will have to paddle around a lake several times before he finds the outlet. One of the most deceiving things about Canadian lake waters is that an outlet stream will be so hidden by trees that grow down to the very brink, that only upon paddling very close to shore can any opening whatsoever, be located. However, if your compass points you southwest you go that way and in spite of misleading islands and juttings of land you strike the place you are after. The wide, spacious beaches found in the states around lakes will be almost totally absent in the Canadian woods,

where the trees run down, often in a perfect wall to the water. It seems no matter how keen the eye-sight, this enveloping wall of greenery can hide the opening you are hitting for. Again is the compass so necessary, because foggy mornings often happen in the summer. Then one must trust almost absolutely to the compass. With the map of your route out-spread before you and the compass in hand, no trouble will result in finding your way from inlet to outlet of lakes.

All conditions considered, there is no region in North America which has more to offer the canoeist than the Canadian North. From the shores of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes to Labrador and Hudson Bay, there stretches a vast, practically unexplored region, abounding in fish and game, that can be traversed by the adventurous. Each year this region is attracting visitors in greater number, and as the years go by and it becomes better known, the number of its admirers will become legion. For the call of this Canadian North once heard, can not go unanswered.



Where civilization meets the wilderness in the Canadian North.



"Back to First Principles"

(Continued from page 8)

it is the problem of getting the people of this and every other country, individually and collectively, back to first principles.

Now, a word as to the future: The worst is certainly behind us. That is encouraging. But ahead there will still be some discouragement. Liquidation of inventory in many businesses which has been effective in 1921, and has resulted in the thawing out of frozen credits, has gone about as far as it can, and these businesses must now look for their rehabilitation to profits from operation. This operation, however, will be under stronger competitive conditions than have existed for some years, and doubtless not a few will fall in the race. It will be a year of reorganization of business, of mergers and consolidations, where those who are worthy of leading will absorb the weak, where disastrous overhead expense in individual and commercial life will be eliminated, and where competitive businesses will return to sound first principles.

The degree of prosperity will depend upon the sanity of all in accepting the conditions that are found existent, exhibiting a willingness to cut their cloth in wages and in profits to the yard-stick of those conditions. It will depend upon the ability of all to establish an equal degree of deflation in their returns, to the returns that others receive.

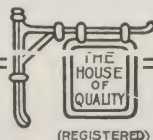
Canada's Stake in the Far East

(Continued from page 13)

natural advantages favored German goods there; but in the Orient, Canada has such a superior chance of getting business by reason of the comparatively short water route that the Dominion is expected to fight the competition of the world with success.

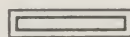
Some day China will realize just where she stands. She will recognize that her only hope lies in unity, and then what? Just this: The dreams of colossal trade with China will have a chance to come true and the world will witness a mad scramble among the nations that are adequately equipped, for the major share.

And, as we have observed before, Canada has most of the conditions favoring her. It rests with Canada to assert herself and make the most of her natural advantages.



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While There's Life

(Continued from page 21)

summer house the children bounded. Straight against Kitty bumped the muddy, wet, thoughtless one, who was IT. Ned jumped up quickly.

"Children," he shouted, "don't you see what you've done!"

"Sorry, daddy, sorry, we didn't see," they returned.

But Kitty had grabbed the younger one by the shoulder.

"You little devil," she exclaimed angrily, "you dirty, horrid, contemptible little brat!" Across the child's face came her small, angry, cruel little hand with a resounding slap. "You've made my dress a sight! You little devil!"

In amazement Ned watched her for a moment. "But they didn't know we were here, Kitty," he said. "They're so used to running through here. It's a shame about your lovely dress, but it can be sent to the cleaner's." He looked at the limp and dirty finery. "Besides," he added, "you can't help but forgive children—when it was an accident." The younger child was crying.

"Run away, children. Miss Bayne knows it was all an accident."

Off went the two bedraggled children.

"I would like to properly punish those ugly little brats," Kitty exclaimed angrily, as she looked at her dress. "I hope you'll whip them hard for this."

"Whip—my children," he stammered. Suddenly he realized they were *his* children and *Dorothy's*, and that Kitty had suggested that, and that Kitty had wanted him to leave Dorothy and that he had brought all this about and had been almost triumphantly shocked by it.

"Don't you dare say another word," he exclaimed. "Not another word. And," he added, as he walked off, "there's a train you can catch which leaves at 5.15."

* * * *

He went straight into the house and up into Dorothy's room. He expected to see the children there, but they had evidently disappeared completely. Dorothy was alone and was standing before the mirror, standing close before it, and looking at herself searchingly. She hadn't heard his step. But then she hadn't been as alert as usual lately.

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"Dorothy," he said. She looked away from the mirror.

"Oh, Ned," she answered, "it isn't time to dress for dinner yet, is it?"

"She's going," he returned. "Fancy she has gone by now."

"Gone? Who has gone?"

"Kitty."

She thought she saw a look of utter despair in his face. But she would win him back! Kitty and he had evidently quarrelled. Now she would have her real chance. The old game had gone back on her. She had lost. But there was still another chance. And she would win.

"Oh Ned, dear, I'm so sorry. What made her go?"

"Everything—principally me."

"But she wasn't to have left until Saturday? Tell me, Ned."

"Oh later, Dorothy, not now."

"All right, Ned."

"Dorothy?"

"Yes."

"I'm wondering if a woman can love a man who has made an idiot of himself? I don't mean—just forgive him—but really love him again?"

She thought he was talking of Kitty. "It depends," she began. "Oh, I don't know." Her voice ended in a sob. She cleared her throat and resumed.

"It depends," she said, "on how much a woman cares. Some women care a great deal, and—oh Ned! I can't answer such a question. How can I, when I don't know any of the circumstances? Circumstances make such a difference," she ended vaguely.

"But if a man had been a cad, and disloyal—I mean in his talk and in his actions too—but not really disloyal," he added with emphasis, "could a woman not only forgive him—but could she ever love him again—his wife, I mean?"

"Ned!" she cried. She put her hands on his shoulders and looked straight at him. "I believe she could," she answered, "when she had never for a moment stopped loving him!"

Closely he held her. "I was such a fool, such an idiot. She thought—she thought—the damn little conceited creature (and how Dorothy loved his profanity), that she could take your place. And then I saw that she was—well, let's not talk about her now. A little later?"

"A little later," Dorothy smiled.

"What were you studying yourself so for, when I came in the room?" Ned asked later.



"I was seeing if there were any more grey hairs."

"You poor, precious darling! What a brute I've been. How could you have endured me? But thank heavens you did. Do you think," he added, "that a perfect boob can change his ways and show that he has a few brains left?" How sure she was of him now. He had sowed his second crop of the old familiar wild oats. He would not try again. She was sure he would never again try farming in new fields of romance.

"Do you think he would show that he has a few brains left?" he repeated. "Do you think he could?"

"Well," she answered softly, "I've always believed in the old saying, 'While there's life there's—'"

"'Hope!'" he interrupted her, "and realization!"

Why Canada Wants Her Cattle Embargo Removed

(Continued from page 29)

value of \$19,350. But we began exporting in large quantities to the United States. This business reached its culmination in the fiscal year 1919-20, when we exported live cattle to the value of \$46,064,631, mostly to the United States. Last year the trade fell to \$22,099,553, and since the Fordney Tariff came into operation it has the exports to the United States being at the rate of less than \$3,000,000 per annum. Thus Canada has practically no outlet for live cattle.

It may be asked why Canada does not slaughter the beasts here, and export chilled beef to Britain. This is done to some extent, but as already stated, the Chicago packers have a strangle hold on the British market in this trade. Moreover, chilled beef will not begin to compare in quality with freshly-killed beef. If Canadian stores could be exported to Great Britain and finished on the pastures in England and Scotland, then the resulting beef would be of prime quality, and could be offered at a price, which would give Canada an advantage over American chilled beef.

The raising of cattle is a necessary part of Canadian farming, and its importance is every day increasing in Western Canada. It is freely acknowledged that Western Canada will never achieve its proper destiny until mixed farming becomes prevalent, as ex-

clusive grain growing is too much of a gamble. Dairying and cattle raising result in something being put back into the ground, instead of everything being taken out, thus making fertility permanent. Without an outlet for Canadian cattle, mixed farming will be severely handicapped.

Lastly, the great objection in Brit-

ain to putting Canada on the same equality as Ireland, in the cattle trade is, that it will hurt the British cattle raising industry. This point has been effectively dealt with by Mr. William Henderson, of Lawton, Coupar Angus, Scotland, in a letter to the press, in which he says:

"Lord Crewe cannot get away from

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describing Canadian cattle as 'foreign' and he harps on the risk of disease. There are few except himself, who have the audacity to mention risk of disease in connection with Canadian cattle. He talks about putting the small holder out of business here by importing 200,000 cattle from Canada. This is pure rubbish. Would importation from the Dominion of Ireland not do the same?

"During the period from 1886 to 1892, when Canadian cattle had free access to our markets, our stocks of sheep and cattle rose very considerably, and our statistics did not include Canadian cattle—or at any rate very few of them—because they arrived after the 4th of June, our census day, and were fattened off before the next 4th of June. Since 1892 our stocks of sheep and cattle have fallen continuously and seriously. The only time our cattle stocks really rose was during the four years of the war. The fall since 1892 in our cattle and sheep stocks is equivalent to a fall of, at least, two million head of cattle reckoning 5 sheep as equivalent to a bullock.

"Lord Crewe says that in 1916 your breeders had no desire for a trade in 'Store Cattle' with this country. This is untrue, but we are not proposing to open our ports for the purpose of admitting one particular class of cattle—we are proposing to open them for Canadian cattle the same as formerly and the same as for Irish stock, leaving it to the Canadian stock owner to ship his cattle in whatever shape he thinks best—just the same as the Irishman.

"At the meetings of the Royal Commission, the maximum numbers said to be represented by counsel in opposing the removal of the embargo were 100,000 farmers in Britain and 70,000 in Ireland. We know they had no right to make any such claim, but, even if you allow it to be correct, the total number would amount to less than 1/2 per cent. of our population. These 'embargoists' themselves, do not eat frozen beef and their whole object is to keep out Canadian cattle in order to keep the supply of home-killed fresh meat limited in supply and extortionate in price in their own selfish interests.

"Lord Crewe says, 'that the estimate of a reduction of 6d in the lb. in the price of meat made during the Dudley election was a false prophesy.' It ill becomes him to talk of falsehoods because the position of himself and his

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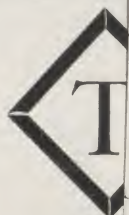
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friends is entirely founded on a falsehood—namely, the falsehood that pleuro-pneumonia was found in a Canadian cow in 1892. But for that erroneous diagnosis the trade in Canadian cattle would have been going on all these years without interruption.

"I believe that the loss to the Canadian stock raiser will have averaged nearly five pounds per head on the total number of cattle he has exported since 1892, not to mention the serious handicap the embargo has been on the development of Canada's cattle raising industry."

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plemented in fact, is to be followed also by the other sex.

Miss Agnes McPhail, the first woman to be elected to the Dominion Parliament, was born thirty-one years ago in a three-roomed log house, in Proton Township, County Grey, Ontario. She is pure homespun and comes of homespun people.

Her parents were Highland Scottish on both sides of the house, than which there is no race whose roots have sunken deeper into Canadian soil and life, none more God-fearing, thrifty or ambitious, none which could produce just the sort of Canadian we see in Agnes McPhail, a somewhat stern, a very earnest woman, with a mission and a vision.

Her father, Dougald McPhail, a typical Celt, was brought up in a home where the Gaelic was spoken more habitually than "the English," where Presbyterianism was as ingrained as the habit of industry, where moral issues were clear black and white, never grey.

On the mother's side, Agnes and her two sisters were of the "Jock" Campbell clan, another sturdy, long-lived, big-bodied, clear-headed and clean, Highland Scottish family.

Miss McPhail, as we all know, has "hitched her waggon" to the star of the Progressive Party.

"Hitching her waggon" is something more than a merely metaphorical expression, when used about Miss McPhail. She is a person who knows how to hitch horses to a waggon, or a "buggy" or a hay rake, knows how to drive them when hitched and counts it no hardship to do such tasks. She can also milk cows, churn, bake bread and pies, cook for a hungry farm household, knit socks, wash clothes, clean house and make her own clothes. She is a worker, descended from workers, and there is no job which has faced her thus far, which she has not attacked and conquered. The blood of her grandparents and parents, is not the milk and water stuff of city bred folks, who must have hot and cold water turned on, central heating, electric household appliances, domestic helpers and all the other soft padding for a kid glove life. She deals with life in its more primitive and essential aspects. Within that sphere she is mistress.

Agnes, who during all the days of her youth was known as "Little Aggie"

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or "Dougald's Aggie," to distinguish her from a very large Aunt Aggie and from the "Aggies" of all the other clans in the neighborhood, was not a particularly bright child at school. But she was noted for thoroughness, truth telling, and a most uncompromising sense of justice. She was not "little." She describes herself as having been "big and gawky." She is still big, has a high-cheek-boned face, redeemed from the ordinary by its sparkling intelligence and pleasant eye twinkle, and has the appearance of an athlete rather than of a drawing room ornament.

As the eldest of the family she came in for a hard apprenticeship at household tasks. She went to school until she was fourteen, but between the ages of fourteen and sixteen she was kept home to assist her overburdened mother with the heavy farm house work. She says that at this period she wished heartily she had been born a boy, so that she might do "worth while" tasks, but she now sees that her real rebellion was not against the work, but against the way it was regarded. "If women are to be content to do household tasks," said she, "then they ought to be given all the labor-saving devices just as the men get for other farm work, the labor ought to be made productive of money, and ought to be regarded as quite as valuable as any other work in the world".

When she was fourteen, the family, now much improved in circumstances, moved to a better cleared farm and a more comfortable home near the town of Flesherton, and have remained there until the present time.

At the age of sixteen, Agnes was sent to High School in the city of Owen Sound, an ambitious town on Georgian Bay where she was to make her first acquaintance with urban life. Her first observation was that the sons and daughters of farmers had no social status among the town pupils. She pondered this matter deeply, feeling the injustice, but unable to understand how in a country where agriculture was the basic industry, and farmers constituted a large part of the population, there could be this invidious social distinction.

She spent two and a half years at High School and then took out a teaching certificate. With this she went away west to Saskatchewan where, for six months, she lived a pioneer life in a prairie shack and taught school, later returning to her own dis-

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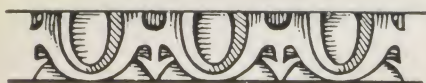
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trict in Ontario to teach school there. By 1918 the Farmers' Party had begun to emerge into prominence in her own and other provinces. A provincial election impended in Ontario and a Progressive candidate was nominated in the riding where she was teaching in a one-roomed schoolhouse. She was asked to support him by speaking at one of his meetings and consented, in fear and trembling. Her ten-minute speech was so easy and made so favorable an impression that she soon found herself in the midst of a round of speeches and an election campaign. From that time her place in the Farmers' movement was assured.

She is not an elegant speaker but clear, forceful and convincing. She has courage and a bright wit. Her illustrations are homely, her texts always timely, both thought and language original.

Shortly after the Farmers took control of the Ontario Government Miss McPhail was elected a member of the Board of the United Farmers' Association, and though she returned to teaching and to housekeeping in the home of her now-failing grandmother Campbell, it was definitely understood that her future was to be political. In September 1921, after writs had been issued for a federal election in December, Agnes McPhail received the nomination as United Farmer candidate in her home riding and almost at once entered on a strenuous campaign. She spoke on sixty platforms in town and country, made a good impression, and was returned to parliament with a substantial majority.

"I have no great aims," said she recently, "except to stand firmly as a worker for the interests of workers. I expect to live as simply at Ottawa as at home. I wish to make no blunders, as I realize that with only one woman in the house all women will be blamed for my mistakes. I regard Parliament as a place of temptation, where it is very difficult to remain captain of one's soul, to remember promises and to uphold principles. If I betray my electors, I trust they will recall me. I shall deserve it. I am not concerned as to whether I shall wear my hat on or off in the house, but I shall stick to my old serge dress and pray for a good understanding."

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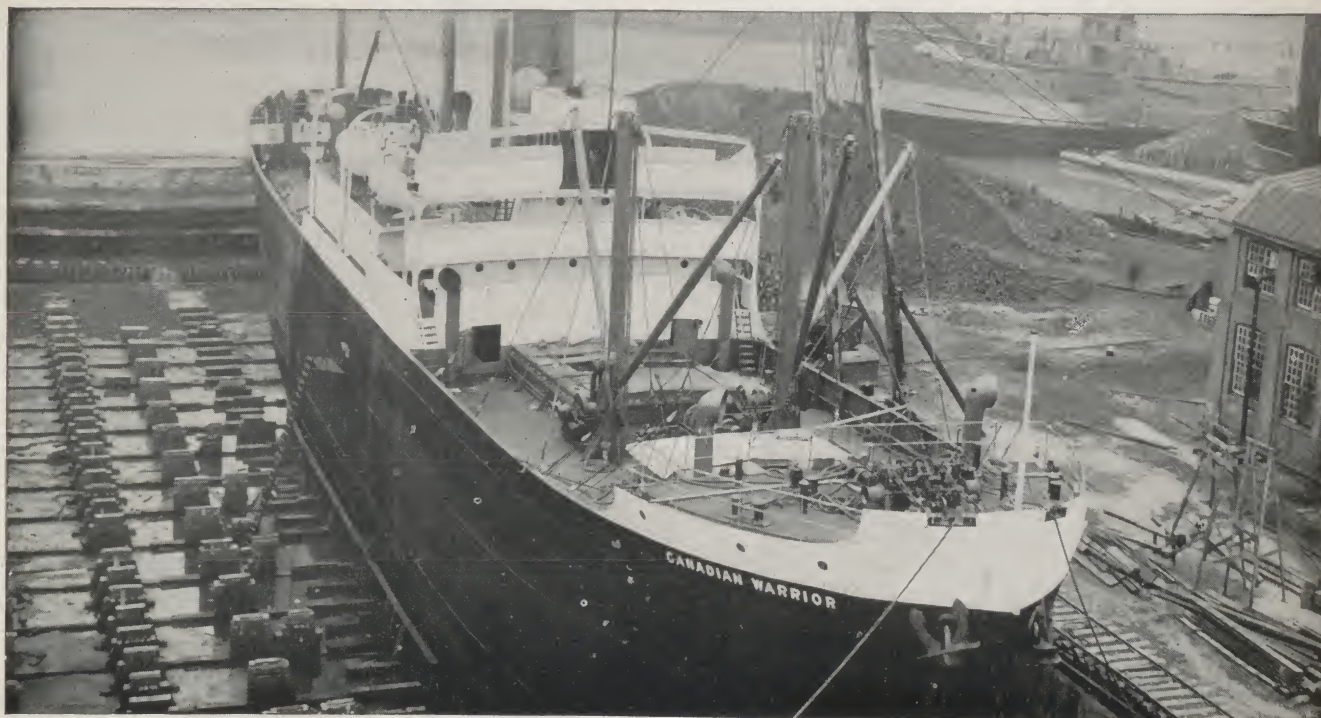
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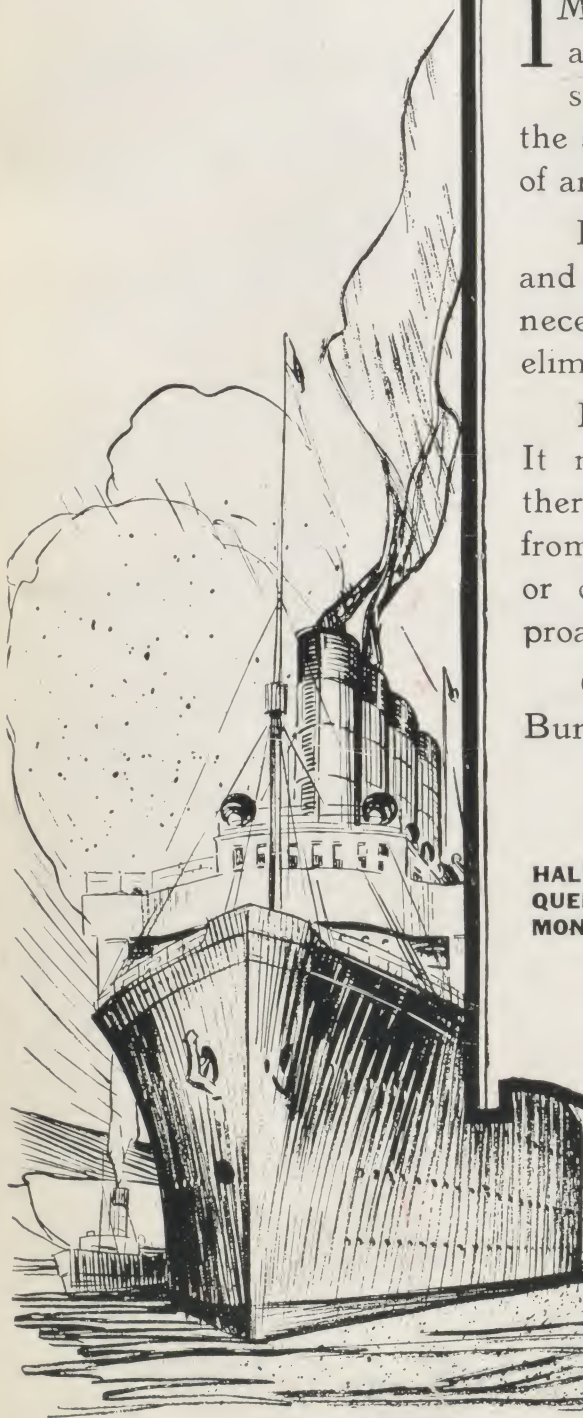
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